

# The TATLER

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and BYSTANDER

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## Mushroom Growth

*"It's just a copy-caterpillar," said Alice*

"Being so many different sizes in a day is very confusing," said Alice.

"It isn't," said the Caterpillar.

"Well," said Alice, "everything *I* eat in this country makes me change size, and all I know is it makes me feel very queer."

"If that's all you know," said the Caterpillar, "no wonder you don't know what's good for you. Now, take this Guinness for example. No don't," it added quickly.

"Of course I know what's Good for You" said Alice.  
 "And I thought you took it for strength, not example."

"You do," said the Caterpillar, "I mean, *I* do. Now Guinness makes you change all the time too, but always in the same direction. You just go on getting stronger — it's almost monotonous."

"For goodness sake," cried Alice, "don't you *want* to grow strong?"

"For *Goodness* sake," said the Caterpillar, "I would grow 80,000 acres of barley and lots and lots of lovely hops. But other people do that for Guinness, so all I have to reap is the benefit."



THE  
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Two Shillings  
Vol. CLXXXVIII. No. 2440



Marcus Adams

**THE COUNTESS OF DARNLEY** and her daughter, Lady Melissa Geraldine Bligh. She was Miss Rosemary Potter, daughter of the late Mr. Basil Potter and married Lord Darnley in 1940. Their home is at Cobham Hall, Kent, and her husband, who is the ninth Earl, succeeded his famous cricketing father in 1936. Lady Darnley has one son, the Hon. Adam Ivo Bligh, and the Earl's heir is Lord Clifton of Rathmore, who is his elder son by a previous marriage





## Some Portraits in Print

Being the lucubrations of your most obedient scribe, Mr. Gordon Beckles

"I DON'T call it madly attractive," said my companion on catching sight from seawards of the club house of the Royal Yacht Squadron for the first time in her life last week.

All I could answer to this capricious use of an idiom was that April is rather early in the year for Cowes and that in any case the premises of the Squadron have seldom been accused of being "attractive."

Once the place was a dungeon, then it was a fort and the present premises seem to have retained some of the qualities of both. Seen from one angle, with the church behind, the club house has the look of some austere manse set on the Scottish coast.

What memories this little town (now scarred by "tea shop" signs as well as bombs) must have for generations older than mine!

The Valkyrie yachts raced by Lord Dunraven, pictures of which I remember in an old magazine; the Kaiser's Meteor which symbolized the emergence of Germany as a sea power before the first World War; the Shamrocks into which Sir Thomas Lipton poured his money; and perhaps the greatest of all, the old Britannia, which spanned three reigns and seemed good for a few more when I last set eyes on her.

One chapter closed at Cowes when the Britannia was scuttled after the death of her last Royal owner, King George V.

It was a chapter written at a leisurely pace, peopled with characters who had the time and money to relax, who were content to sit all afternoon on the sloping lawn of the Squadron or on the decks of a yacht watching the white sails flecking the Solent, and who would then dress for the dinner at which they would discuss the events of Goodwood the week before.

I dare say most people would call it dull nowadays, because it all moved so slowly and there was no noise.

Yet it was not so long ago; scarcely more than ten years that I last saw the Royal Yacht Victoria and Albert with the present King and Queen on board. A beautiful sight was that ancient and richly-painted veteran; no words of command were ever given out loud; the sailors—dressed in a style reminiscent of the

matelot on a famous brand of cigarettes—traditionally wore slippers, so as not to awake Queen Victoria a'sleeping down below.

An officer who spent some time in her told me the V. & A. rolled like the devil.

The only time I have ever gone alongside the landing steps reserved for members of the Squadron the sea was choppy and I was in the distinguished company of an ex-Lord Chancellor, who was in a bad temper when we left his yacht, and a very much worse one when we tried to make fast by the landing steps, his language when he got wet being highly distinguished.

(By the way: nearly every day I see the phrase "tied up" used for great liners and battle-ships. When I first wore a lanyard, and sea-chest keys in my breast pocket, the phrase was "made fast," and use of "tying up" might involve a request to kiss the table in the senior gunroom.)

I think the funniest thing I ever saw at Cowes was worthy of film treatment. A yachtsman brought his vessel there for the races with a number of his friends as passengers. The vessel in question was about 20,000 tons, a liner of the company of which he was chairman. It was a coal-burning liner—and rather soft coal at that.

King George V was said to be not amused; the 20,000-ton yacht was asked to shift its anchorage.

ARE there many, meeting places of the past, present and future which have the quality of the few square miles between Cowes and the marches of the New Forest?

On the day that we were crossing to the Isle of Wight we had the full panorama assembled for us. There was the monstrous bulk of the Queen Mary, whose never very graceful silhouette is now marred by some great superstructure aft of her smokestacks (probably a speedway track for third class passengers or a concert hall for tourists) and there was an assortment of the new streamlined Union Castle liners.

Best of all was a small, old-fashioned Bibby liner built in the days when it was not necessary to carry so much top-hamper.

On the other side of Southampton water the B.O.A.C. had assembled its fleet of flying boats, having just transferred from Poole Harbour to Hythe.

The flying boats were moored in lines which formed pleasing patterns when the sun caught their silver hulls, and you wondered whether they and not the monsters on the other side of the harbour were the answer to travel in the future.

The pilots who fly these boats consider themselves a race apart, and their destiny secure. I spent a large evening with some of them at their Poole base a year ago. The hero on that occasion was a man who had brought his craft in from the East and had sailed triumphantly over one of the "Queens," held up in the Channel by the perversity of wind and tide.

WE are a strange race on this island, and only seem to come to our senses when we leave it—if only for an hour or two.

On this particular day I found myself hanging around the battered and ungainly old town of Southampton trying to kill time. In a civilized country it would have been possible to seat oneself in a café, sip a glass of beer and read the papers while the crowd strolled by, and the Southampton crowd near the water-front can be picturesque.

Can anyone linger over a pot of tea shut up in a "Ye Olde Tea Room"? I cannot.

The first words I heard uttered as the Isle of Wight packet-boat drew away from the landing stage were: "The bar is now open!" Yet a few yards away it would have been a heinous offence to sell anything so wicked as a glass of beer at that time of day.

I was told that on certain days lonely or thirsty men employ leisure hours in crossing on these ferries just for the purpose of having a drink at what hour they please, which seems a reasonable pleasure for a fully grown man.





It was on this crossing that a man was telling me of the local hope that the Duke of Edinburgh will do something to restore the prestige of yachting in these waters. Although only a rumour, this yachtsman's enthusiasm was such that by the time we had reached Cowes we had a new Britannia already making new records and with Royalty again at the helm.

Then, the next day, I learned that Princess Elizabeth has just joined the Household Brigade Yacht Club, and that both she and the Duke had become life members of the Royal Thames Yacht Club.

So perhaps the Cowes chapter has yet to close, although the day of the big twenty-three metre craft is over, and the yachtsman of to-day is a five-metre man.

When the last Royal Regatta was held at Cowes the Duke was a schoolboy, for it was before the death of the late King. Then came the Coronation Review of 1937 (written on to the records as the occasion when "the Fleet was all lit up") and into my own diary as showing the U.S.S.R.'s fanatical mistrust of the outside world, for the seamen on its antiquated battleship at the review were not encouraged to step ashore. The Russian admiral on that occasion shortly afterwards vanished from the Navy list.

By the way, one cannot go very wrong in spelling the word "yacht" I found on the island. Until quite recent times you could please yourself: "yott," "yatch," "yought," "yatcht," "yought" or "yaught."

Smith minor may be interested in this piece of information.

**O**N the way back from the Isle of Wight I paid a call at Lyndhurst in the New Forest.

If the atmosphere of Cowes is faintly of the seventh of the Edwards, that of the New Forest is of the earlier sovereigns of the line.

The word "agister" is one, like "gazebo," that has passed me by, although a little careful thought (and perhaps a reference to medievalist Maurice Hewlett) might have jogged the memory. It refers, of course, to the man charged with looking after the animals that roam a forest, and the word is obviously Norman in origin.

In the New Forest the agisters wear brown leggings and have not only the forest ponies to look after but straying pigs and cows. There was something of a boom in the ponies during the war and many animals that might to-day still be roaming between Romsey and Fordingbridge were broken in for traps and dog-carts.

A great many were killed on the roads, and the casualty lists are still high. A man living in the forest says that although he has found ponies who have strayed into his empty garage standing instinctively head to the wall as if they were already tethered; no instinct seems to warn them off the highway, and a thundering great charabanc of trippers on its noisy way to Bournemouth is almost an invitation to a New Forest pony to stroll vacantly across the road.

On my visit to Lyndhurst—it was a placid Sunday afternoon—we sat after lunch before a great lawn, the peace of the moment being disturbed only by the faint surf-like noise of a rookery and the click of croquet balls beyond the trees.

Of the moment: for there suddenly burst on our ears that rhythmic devil's wailing that one hoped we had heard the last of three years ago this spring.

How the inhabitants of Lyndhurst can tolerate the use of a war-time siren to announce forest fires is beyond my understanding.

It sounded five times that afternoon, and was "madly unattractive" each time.



**THE ROYAL MAUNDY** was celebrated at Westminster Abbey this year with its full pre-war impressiveness, and the King and Queen are seen leaving the Abbey with their nosegays after His Majesty had distributed alms to twenty old people. The money each received in lieu of kind included a purse containing the Maundy Pennies—specially minted silver coins, of value a penny, two-pence, three-pence and fourpence to the number of years of the King's age; this year fifty-two



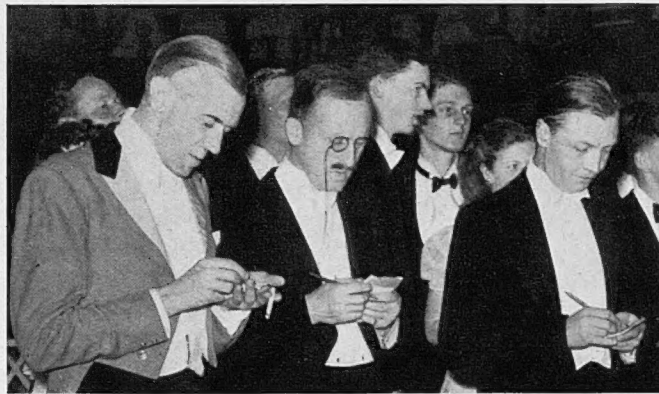


One of the most popular events of this enjoyable evening at Camber'ey was a hunting horn competition, and some of the company found the balcony made a most useful viewpoint from which to watch the participants

## The Sandhurst Beagles Hunt Ball at the R.M.A.



Miss Marigold Moule and Mr. David Whately taking the floor for a dance



Judging the hunting horn competition: Major-Gen. F. R. G. Matthews, Commandant of the Royal Military Academy, Mr. Acton Pierce, Master of the West Surrey Beagles, and Major W. P. Mead



Miss Diana Cross, second daughter of Sir Ronald Cross, was one of the competitors



Mr. Alistair Hobkirk, Miss "Gilly" Aird, Miss Maureen Harris, Mr. Michael Palmer, Miss Bridget Wreford and Mr. Tony Shewen



Miss Joan Greville-Williams, Mr. Michael Hankinson, Miss Mary Connell and Col. K. Greville-Williams were members of another supper party



Major F. J. R. P. Needham, Major J. H. Gibson, Major J. W. R. Ormiston and Major and Mrs. J. F. Willcocks



Major M. G. Stephen, Miss Jean Lockett, Miss Elizabeth Ball, Major "Bunny" Hare and Miss Pam Ward



Anthony Cookman

with Tom Titt

## At the Theatre

*"The Happiest Days of Your Life" (Apollo)*

**Margaret Rutherford** as Miss Whitchurch, M.A.(Oxon), goes into battle with all the trimmings

To enjoy this farce, and many others as good, we must pretend to be, or already be, old fogies at least thirty years behind the times. We have to tell ourselves that co-education is a crazy and slightly shocking absurdity. Then the arrival of Miss Margaret Rutherford and her mistresses and girl pupils to share the Hilary Hall School with its masters and boys creates a situation clearly fraught with comic possibilities.

Their arrival is wholly unexpected. Some Government department concerned with school re-settlement had made a muddle, and for an indeterminate period the manly and the ladylike traditions of the two schools must make shift to grow in beauty side by side under the same roof.

The ladylike tradition is the first to assert itself. There is the obviously important question of sleeping arrangements. The headmistress's scheme

is quite definite—and the masters find themselves bedded down in the carpenter's shop. The manly tradition is quick to react. The fishcake flung by Hopcroft Mi. in the dining hall is neatly aimed and in the ensuing pandemonium the tradition more than holds its own. We no longer worry about its chances of survival when we hear that treacle has been poured into the tool bags of the girls' bicycles.

Simple stuff, as you see, but Mr. John Dighton handles it adroitly. He has had the good farcical sense to make one of the assistant masters a man of iron. Billings has no use for women at Hilary Hall and he is a dour fighter. Much as he loathes Hopcroft Mi. he is not above putting ideas into the young rascal's head and even encouraging him with a small gift of money to redouble his efforts not to be found out a second time.

When the large-hearted sports mistress flings herself at Billings's head, Billings, though in a nasty corner, is just equal to the occasion. A folding album contains the photographs of his four aunts. Without a moment's hesitation he turns them into his first wife, his second wife, his wife and the woman who is going to be his fourth wife when he shall be a widower once more. There are no half measures with Billings, and the sports mistress accepts defeat.

There are obvious limits to the inter-schools

hurly-burly and when they have been reached the author calls in the parents, one pair extremely solicitous for the welfare of a delicate girl, another terrifically virilist in their notions of how a boy should be turned into a man and neither pair knowing that they have given hostages to co-education. Here the humour begins to wear thin, but the action quickens and Miss Rutherford, fighting with might and main for both schools against the parents, always the common enemy of pedagogues and pupils, rejects no subterfuge however obvious and gets herself and everybody else into ever bigger and better trouble.

The success of the entertainment is won rather by the acting than by the author's humour or invention, serviceable as they are. With one exception, the company play out the nonsense as though unaware that they were being funny. Mr. George Howe expertly offsets the formidable headmistress of Miss Rutherford with a prim and fussy headmaster; the anti-feminist Billings is played by Mr. Colin Gordon with a remarkably sure sense of timing; Mr. Myles Eason is the romantic sports master; and the pupils, Molly Weir and Peter Davis, have some good lines and have learned to make the most of them.

But it is the unwinking solemnity of the players that gives the farce its full comic force. Some of the credit for this belongs to Mr. Richard Bird, whose production is in other respects also entirely happy.



In *"The Happiest Days of Your Life"* is portrayed what must surely happen if a select establishment for young ladies is mistakenly billeted on a boys' school. Miss Whitchurch (Margaret Rutherford) a battle axe in more ways than one, is distraught but undefeated, while Mr. Pond (George Howe) takes the way of least resistance; Rainbow (Douglas Ives) the school porter has strong anti-feminist views; Miss Harper (Patricia Hastings) and Mr. Tassell (Myles Eason) enjoy the situation, and two pairs of parents are outraged to stupefaction (Douglas Stewart, Irene Relph, Betty Woolfe, Stringer Davis). Mr. Billings's (Colin Gordon) nerves are torn to ribbons by Miss Gossage's (Viola Lyel) advances; and war to the knife is declared between Hopcroft Mi. (Peter Davies) and Barbara Cahoun (Molly Weir)



Freda Bruce Lockhart

Decorations  
by Hoffnung

# At The Pictures

## Hints of Glory

THERE can be few more painful pleasures than that of watching the film version—be it good or bad—of a favourite book. The only completely satisfactory example I can recall was the film of *Little Women*. Yet only once do I remember giving way to cowardice and positively shirking *Pride and Prejudice* lest—charming though I understood the film to be—I might forever after be haunted by the actors each time I re-read the book.

Pain may be caused by sins of commission or omission in the adaptation. It does not do to be too pedantic, and in time a philosophical attitude may be developed. Sometimes a knowledge of the book can even help us to understand the film and fill in gaps—as with the last version of *Anna Karenina*. Indignation is justifiably caused by the good old Hollywood custom of paying vast sums for the rights to a best-seller and then discarding all but the title. The opposite practice is less common but more candid.

WHEN I received an invitation to a film called *The Fugitive*, starring Henry Fonda, the prospect evoked was of another Western, or an escaped convict story like *Dark Passage*, *Escape* and so many others. Not until the small hours did I remember having seen some Spanish names after Mr. Fonda's. Then it dawned on me that here indeed was the film I had been awaiting, with eager dread, of what I consider the finest English novel I have read by a living author: *The Power and the Glory*, Graham Greene's great story of the last surviving priest in a state of Mexico under the Communist persecution.

So indeed it proved. Opening commentary (for which I arrived late) emphasizes, I learn, that although the film was shot in Mexico at the invitation of the Mexican Government, the events must not be taken as happening in Mexico. That there was a régime of some such kind in Mexico, when Mr. Greene was sent there to report on the persecution of the Church, is a matter of history. If to-day Mexico prefers to disown it, so much the better. Since there is neither power nor glory about the film, whereas it is about a fugitive priest, the changed title has at least the virtue of honesty.

Those who, not having read the book, can take the film as a simple escape story in an exotic setting will without doubt derive most pleasure from the truly wonderful photography—by Gabriel Figueroa (of *Portrait of Maria*). It is not only that outdoor Mexico is sunny and spacious and that the cameras seem to have caught the heat and dryness, even the hot colouring, more vividly in rich black-and-white than if this had been in glorious Technicolor. The lighting of the cramped and stuffy interiors

where the hunted priest must hide is of a depth and intensity which make the shadowy school of Orson Welles or *Corridor of Mirrors* look like murky schoolboy daubs.

THE happy unread may even revel in director John Ford's flamboyant Western technique, reminiscent of his own *Stagecoach* down to echoes of the cloppity theme-tune. I had never visualized the menacing militia as a troop of Mexican mounties on milk-white steeds. But Mr. Ford gallops them up and down steps, stampedes them through a country market on a terror expedition and, towards the end when they are hunting two men at once, lets them indulge in a magnificent equine ballet in a plantation of corn on the cob.

To accompany such pictorial magnificence, Mr. Ford has permitted background music of a vulgarity more appropriate to the Technicolor Latin-American Bank Holiday series—as this might be *Midsummer in Mexico*—with frequent unwelcome intrusions by a celestial choir never to be confused with a real church choir. The serious theme, however, is treated seriously if inadequately, and I can imagine that, compared with routine escape stories, this might seem an original and splendid if very sombre picture.

Those who compare the picture with the book will inevitably take these pleasures sadly. There are too many episodes from the book to sit back and forget all about it; too many hinted invitations to hope for more. The scene in the dreadful Hotel Splendide, when the poor priest has spent his last pesos and risked his life to procure a bottle of wine to say the forbidden Mass, only to have to sit and watch it drunk dry by the two boorish bootleggers, is there, with a faint reflection of the authentic agony given it originally by Mr. Greene. But the dynamic of the book was "the power and the glory," the mystery of faith which rewarded the squalid little man who had been a bad priest, a drunkard and a mortal sinner, with the crown of martyrdom.

MR. FONDA is an actor of exceptional integrity. He plays the part with dignity and a sense of the seriousness due to it and with complete sincerity, never cheating. But he is not that priest, nor ever could be. He tells us he has been a bad priest, but we see nothing worse on his conscience than a natural fear for his own safety—which seems forgotten once when he rashly goes and rings the church bell for all the militia to hear. He never looks like more than a shy young seminarian with no inner torment and no inner light. Where the book, in sum, had an overpowering



sense of the supernatural the film has none.

Even as an escape story advantage has not been taken of an original which, like most of Graham Greene's novels, has the shape, the pattern of a film. The film has neither line nor form. In the book the priest was hunted across country from hideout to hideout each night. In the film he seems to visit a round of humble dwellings whose geographical relationships I could never get clear.

The only thing certain was that Dolores del Rio would be sure to turn up, with or without papoose, but wearing a wimple at which I had to forgive the rude militia lieutenant for laughing. Even the sense of menace proper to all escape stories and almost unbearable in the book is oddly missed except once when Miss del Rio hears her baby cry, the dog bark in the still of the night, then the cloppity of the militia's horses like a mounted version of the "knock at the door at 2 a.m." now familiar in most of Europe.

Worst waste of a finely drawn character is the lieutenant (Pedro Armendariz), presented as an overbearing adolescent Indian instead of as a puritanical, fanatically convinced Communist, by his own lights of as high ideals and integrity as the priest. J. Carrol Naish alone can really give a performance as the half-breed nark whose whining, blackmailing wheedling of the priest into the trap is more obnoxious than all the police terror. For what the moral may be worth, his is also the only important character true in spirit to the original.

OF the revivals, offering various degrees of nostalgia, the oldest is strangely enough the least dated: the German *Mädchen in Uniform*, revived at the Everyman, Hampstead. The rare economy of the direction—never a wasted shot; the sensitive treatment of schoolgirls' emotional problems raised to tragic pitch; and the quiet beauty of Dorothea Wieck as the idolized schoolmistress, make this revival well worth a journey to Hampstead. My memory insists that the film ended differently when I first saw it. But memory can be deceptive after sixteen years.

A week or so ago I was arguing the merits of Noel Coward's *In Which We Serve* with somebody who assured me that I should find it embarrassing to watch to-day, almost eight years after Dunkirk, seven after Crete. I do not. Nor as far as I could judge did the laughing, sniffing, Saturday afternoon audience among whom I saw the revival at the London Pavilion. Nor can I imagine anybody doing so except people who are embarrassed by the recurrence of lumps in their throats, tears in their eyes and uninhibited feelings of patriotism in wherever is the seat of that particular emotion. There was an added poignancy for me in seeing Coward's story of a ship directly after a newsreel showing H.M.S. Rodney on her last voyage to the scrapheap.

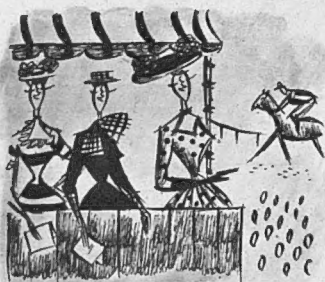


**MAE WEST** is making her first appearance in this country with great success at the Prince of Wales Theatre, in her own play *Diamond Lil*. The private life of this unique stage figure, whose personality and technique are world-famous, is a complete contrast to the highly coloured parts she plays in the theatre. She does not drink, smoke or go to parties, and altogether prefers a quiet existence. She is the only woman on the stage to write, produce, direct, and star in her own stories. Her parents were theatrical people and Mae West made her professional debut at the age of five in various stock companies. This was followed by several years in vaudeville, a Broadway debut in the *Folies Bergère* and many other successes. But it was when she wrote and starred in her first play, *Sex*, and made her screen debut in *Night after Night* sixteen years ago, that she became the sensation and legend that she still remains.









## Priscilla in Paris

### The New Look Grows Up



WE were told that the Easter rush to the country "emptied" Paris. This was easy to believe when one saw the crowds at the railway stations, but less easy when one tried to find a table outside Fouquet's or any of the big cafés of the Champs-Élysées, where drinks, long and short, are iced and club sandwiches again are beginning to tower, with their proper complement of chicken, bacon, salad and hard-boiled egg.

Things are looking up. There were endless queues outside the theatres and cinemas, and the attendance at Auteuil must have beaten all records. This is the easiest of the Paris racecourses to reach, since the main entrance is only a few minutes' walk from the Métro station of Pont de l'Auteuil—a great consideration for most of us, given the present dearth of petrol and the fact that taxi-drivers are never desirous of going in the direction one wishes.

Lovely and very new-looking frocks were to be seen at the Course des Haies. The *grands couturiers* are sending their prettiest mannequins wearing their most attractive frocks to the races this spring, and from these beautiful ladies the rest of the world learns what is practical from a smart as well as a utilitarian point of view. Such mundane facts can never be determined from the brief apparitions in the salons of the designers.

We know now that it is no good trying to achieve a silk-petticoat effect by merely tacking a frill on the inside of the hem of one's skirt, for the slightest

gust of wind gives the show away. The dainty high-heeled sandals that are little more than a paper-thin sole laced to the foot by narrow straps let in the damp of the grass and the tiny pebbles of the gravel walks. The charming butterfly hats perched so lightly above crowns of curls must be well-skewered to the roots of those curls for fear lest the faintest breeze send them bowling along to the flower-beds, where they will look quite at home but where the well-watered soil will hardly do them any good. These small sartorial difficulties are apparently creating a New Woman as well as a New Look: something fragile and slightly helpless, needing a strong male arm to lean upon, to say nothing of strong male legs to give chase to the windborne headgear.



AT the famous Foire des Pain-d'Épices, which has opened on the mile-long stretch from the Place de la Nation to Vincennes (where the trotting races take place), the Parisienne returns to flat-heeled, short-skirted, hatless comfort, and is, once more, on equal footing with the sterner sex. This big Fair will be open for five weeks this year and early tourists will be able, if they are given that way, to enjoy all its Coney Island plus Luna Park amenities—the swings, the roundabouts and the *jeux de massacre* which are the French equivalent of Aunt Sally except that bottles of champagne of the sugary, aerated-water kind replace the coconuts.

There are no more Crazy Kitchens . . . for obvious reasons. But the gingerbread booths which give the

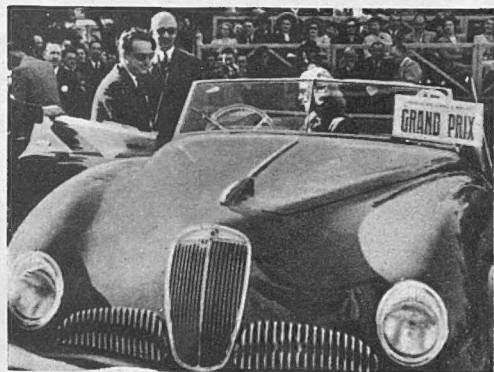
Fair its name—where the gingerbread is shaped into little pigs on which one's name is inscribed in sugar icing—are still there with the swings, the peep-shows, the switchbacks and all the other childish enjoyments that go to make up the fun of the fair.

These Pleasures-for-the-People, which are invariably patronised, on certain evenings, by the *beau monde*, invariably inspire the photographers of such glossy-paper, luxury magazines as *Plaisirs de France*, *Élite*, and even the super-luxurious *Art et Style* (Anglo-French Literary Services; 8s. 6d.) that is the most gorgeous of them all. This last-named magazine recently published in its seventh issue the finest reproductions of the King's pictures that I have yet seen, with several articles translated into English. Whether the English is quite so English as the translators imagine is a moot point—and is, therefore, most entertaining.

*Voilà!*

● Claude Renoir, present at a recent film test, tells the following story: A would-be starlet, requested to "register her feelings" on hearing that her lover has deserted her, begins to prink and powder, all smiles and coy looks. "What the—!" yells the producer. "Well," protests the lady, "I'm getting ready to look for another lover!"

## Streamlines and Spotlessness at the Monte Carlo Rally



Prince Rainier of Monaco presents a Grand Prix to Mme. A. M. Ferraris for her Lancia



A handsome British entry which won a first prize was Mrs. Payne Jennings's Hillman



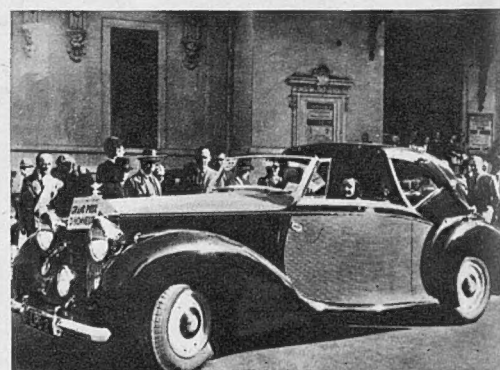
M. Chiron, the racing driver, with Prince Rainier's Cisitalia. Awarded a Grand Prix Hors Concours



The champion, Dr. V. P. Consigli with his Lancia, winner of the Grand Prix d'Honneur, all classes



Mr. Edgar Gross's very sleek Riley which also brought its owner a first prize



Mr. John Gaul at the wheel of his Rolls-Royce, awarded a Grand Prix d'Honneur



*George Bilainkin.*

## AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



H.E. M. Max Petitpierre, the Swiss Foreign Minister

LONDON has always fascinated His Excellency M. Max Petitpierre, Switzerland's youngest Foreign Minister. Our austerities notwithstanding, he has chosen to spend a quiet "holiday" here, and has met Mr. Bevin and various British notables. He has also studied Northumberland from the vantage point of Bamburgh Castle, seat of Lord Armstrong, whose only child, the Hon. William Watson-Armstrong, is the son-in-law of Mme. Paul Ruegger, wife of the

distinguished Swiss Minister in Great Britain. M. Ruegger, to everybody's regret, is leaving shortly to become President of the International Red Cross.

Between Switzerland and Great Britain relations are, and have been for many years, of the happiest. Whenever any problem arises between our countries, it is promptly settled in the most amicable manner, for the Swiss have much in common with the British, and share a tradition of liberality of opinion, love of justice and generosity.

PRECISELY 100 years ago they celebrated their new Constitution, exactly three centuries ago they became formally independent of the Holy Roman Empire, and seven years ago the 4,750,000 inhabitants marked the 650th anniversary of the Confederation. Overcoming enormous obstacles, the Swiss have become world leaders in several industries, serve as the trusted repository of milliards of francs of gold, and have turned their mountains into the world's playground.

Petitpierre has the characteristic quiet modesty of the native of the silent heights. His jet-black hair is emphasised by the poised, observant grey-blue eyes and the uncompromising chin.

He was born in the French district, Neuchatel, forty-nine years ago, to the wife of a leading lawyer. At school he studied Greek and Latin. His thesis for the doctorate in law dealt with the recognition and execution of foreign judgments; with steady rhythm degrees and honours followed from 1920 until 1925, at Neuchatel, Zurich and Munich, where he improved his German. He lectured on international law, practised at the bar in Neuchatel, and in 1938 was promoted to Professor and Dean.

Eleven years ago he entered politics as a Radical (in our terminology equivalent to a Liberal), with membership of the Canton of Neuchatel Parliament. In 1942 he began a meteoric career, as one of the two Canton representatives in the Federal Assembly. In December 1944 he was Switzerland's Foreign Minister, a surprise but popular choice after so short a stay in the national legislature. In 1950 he should automatically become Premier-President for one year.

PETITPIERRE has had his problems and triumphs. When the Russians complained that 9000 escaped soldiers were being treated harshly as detainees, he invited a commission of inquiry. The men were repatriated and the Russians consented to his proposal that for the first time in thirty years Swiss-Soviet diplomatic relations be restored. Switzerland collaborates with the Marshall Plan States, except in military matters. Last but not least, Petitpierre is glad that Geneva, city of lakeside dreams, remains the European centre for U.N., and the amazing buildings of this neutral super-state remain symbols of a hope that the world may return to concord and peace.



Photograph by Dr. R. H. Schloss

Princess Juliana of the Netherlands and her husband, Prince Bernhard, have been holidaying with their four daughters at Zermatt, where the three elder Princesses have been initiated into winter sports and have taken very kindly to the pleasures of skiing and unlimited snowballing. Princess Juliana is seen with her husband and Princesses Margrit and Irene during a visit to Roten Boden at the Gornergrat, which is five miles from Zermatt, and near the Italian border





*Field-Marshal Earl Wavell, the new Constable of the Tower of London, accompanied by the Resident Governor, Col. E. H. Carkeet-James, O.B.E., M.C., inspecting a parade of the Yeomen Warders of the Tower on Easter Day. He afterwards attended a church service at the Chapel Royal of St. Peter ad Vincula in the Tower*

*Jennifer writes*

## HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

**Court News:** Scotland is being honoured this year by more Royal visits, official and private, than for a long time past. Besides the visit of the Court to Holyrood at the end of June, which has now become a recognised annual fixture, preceded this year by a two-day visit to Inverness-shire, Their Majesties, I learn, are to make a short stay at Balmoral towards the end of May. Both the King and the Queen have a very real attachment to their Highland castle home on Deeside, and August and September are not necessarily the best months for seeing the charms of Scottish scenery. Despite the compelling attractions of the Twelfth, late spring is a time of rare beauty in the Highlands, and Her Majesty makes no secret of her own personal wish that a visit of even a few days to Balmoral in May should form part of the regular routine of the Royal year.

Last year, the South African tour ruled out any such plans and, similarly, next year, the planned tour to New Zealand and Australia will mean missing both the English and the Scottish spring. With these considerations in mind the King and Queen decided to keep a short time to themselves in the midst of a very busy season, and to travel north for a five-days stay during which their only preoccupations will be with estate matters rather than State affairs.

Plans for the official visit North in June are that Their Majesties will leave London on the evening of Wednesday, June 23rd, and travel through the night to Inverness for the Highland and Agricultural Society Show on the following day. After the Show, the King and Queen will make one of their rare stays at a private house, when

they will visit Lord and Lady Lovat at Beaufort Castle, leaving on the morning of Saturday, June 26th, for Edinburgh, where they will go into residence at Holyrood for ten days.

THEIR Majesties recently visited the headquarters of the British Council, of which H.M. the King is Patron. During their visit they took the greatest interest in an exhibition illustrating the work of the Council both at home and abroad. They were received and escorted around the building by Sir Ronald Adam, the Council's chairman, and among members of the staff and executive committees presented to Their Majesties were Mr. G. H. Shreeve and Mr. R. Davies, both Assistant Director-Generals, Mr. R. Seymour, the hard-working secretary, Sir Angus Gillan, Controller of the Commonwealth and Empire Division, Mr. H. J. S. White, in charge of the Latin America, Middle East and Far East Division, Mr. K. R. Johnstone, Controller of the European Division, the Hon. Arthur Howard, M.P., and Mrs. Ayrton Gould, M.P., both vice-chairmen, and the treasurer, Sir John Power. Among members presented to Their Majesties were Mr. Maurice Antrobus, Lady Megan Lloyd George, Sir Henry Dale, Sir Charles Jeffries, Major-General William Brooke Purdon and Mr. Ivor Thomas.

SIR EGERTON and Lady Hamond-Graeme gave a delightful cocktail-party with Lady St. John of Bletsoe, in their charming flat in Davies Street. Their lovely panelled double drawing-room is an ideal setting for a party, and guests were

admiring the fine pictures and beautiful china, which are among their many lovely treasures. The party was given for Lady St. John's tall and very attractive granddaughter, Joy Sanford, who is just seventeen; her brother, who is doing his military service and was in uniform, was helping her entertain the many young guests of their own age, who included Miss Judy Dugdale, who came with her mother, Pamela Lady Aylesford, Miss Philippa Ford and her brother John, Lady Alexandra Metcalfe's tall and witty son David, who was chatting to Mr. Gavin Welby, and the young Comte and Comtesse de Poype, who were leaving for France next day. Miss Susan Biddulph was there with her mother, Lady Amy Biddulph, who told me she had just come down from Scotland from visiting her elder daughter and her week-old grandson.

Sir George and Lady Franckenstein were talking to their host, who told me he and Lady Hamond-Graeme were going up to Scotland for some salmon fishing during this month.

Lady Mary Alexander, looking very attractive in brown, brought her pretty debutante daughter Charmian Wilson, and was chatting to the Chilean Ambassador, who was at the party alone, as Mme. Bianchi was visiting friends in Spain. He had to leave early to go on to a party at the French Embassy, as did the Brazilian Ambassador, who told me how much he was missing his son, who has recently returned to Brazil to continue his studies.

Lady Eden brought her two attractive daughters, Anne and Rose, Miss Raine McCorquodale, looking radiantly happy, brought her fiancé, Mr. Gerald Legge, and others I met were Mr. Archie Kidson, who celebrates his



*The Hon. Mrs. Ralph Hubbard, elder daughter of Lord Ashfield, whose husband is the Clerk of Goodwood Racecourse. A photograph by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon*



twenty-first birthday this month, Sir Ronald and Lady Cross's two attractive daughters, Angela and Diana, Lady Evelyn Broughton, hatless and very pretty, Mr. and Mrs. Brian Buchel, Mrs. Ronnie Critchley with her tall son, David Byass, who has just passed into Sandhurst, Capt. and Mrs. John Pearson and their pretty daughter Beverly, whom Lady Hamond-Graeme is taking in her large party to the first Queen Charlotte's Ball at Grosvenor House, on May 4th.

This charming hostess with her fascinating ready wit is always so kind to young people, that it was not surprising to find so many of the younger generation at this party. Among them were Miss Rosamond Ross, Miss Brenda Bancroft, a great-granddaughter of the late Sir Squire Bancroft, with Ellie Lady McMahon who is bringing her out this season, Miss Juanita Forbes, the Misses Bridget and Juliet Adair, Miss June Wendel, Miss Lorna Farquhar and Miss Ann Curzon Howe. Among the young men were good-looking Major Remington Hobbs, Major Michael Inchbald, the Hon. Edward Digby, Lord John Kerr, Mr. Jack Leigh, Major Maclean, Mr. Max Woosnam and the Hon. Ronald Nall-Cain.

That evening I heard the dates of two debutante dances that have now been arranged: the first is the one Lady Eden is giving for her daughters at her home on May 7th, and the second is being given jointly by Pamela Lady Aylesford for her daughter, Judy Dugdale, with Mrs. Vyvyan Drury for her debutante daughter, Romaine, and Mme. Fitzgerald, wife of the twenty-eighth Knight of Glin, for her daughter, Siola, which is to take place at the Hyde Park Hotel on June 25th.

THE Drapers Hall in Throckmorton Street has been chosen for a children's party to-morrow, April 15th, in aid of that wonderfully good organisation, the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Mrs. Walter Whigham, who is chairman of the party, tells me that the tickets, which can be obtained from 14, Hyde Park Gardens, W.2, are inclusive for not only tea and balloons but a conjurer, marionettes and other side-shows.

THE Cambridge University Conservative Association recently held a very successful ball at the Dorchester in aid of Lord Woolton's Fighting Fund, when the ballroom was full of young people. Mr. Walter Elliot, one of the Members for the Scottish Universities, came along from the House of Commons about midnight to draw the lucky numbers which Miss Genifer Bromley-Martin and several other pretty girls had been distributing. Lord Garnock, who had helped in organising the ball, I saw dancing with Miss Penelope Crossley, attractive in pale blue satin. Mr. Humphrey Berkeley, secretary of the Association, was busy seeing arrangements ran smoothly.

There were many big parties, and in one of these I saw pretty Miss Felicity Ingleby-Mackenzie, who is one of this year's debutantes,

and is making her official debut at the first Queen Charlotte's Ball. Her mother is giving a small party for her at the Savoy on May 7th, jointly with Mrs. John Craigie for her debutante daughter, Biddie. Miss Mary Vestey was in a party with Mr. Robert de Stacpoole and Mrs. Crofton, Miss Jane Dawnay, who looked exceptionally pretty in a striped lamé dress, was dancing with Mr. Charles Harris.

I WENT down to Mortlake and saw Cambridge win the Boat Race with the greatest ease in record time. Although it was a five-lengths victory, it was an exciting race, as not only did we hear on the wireless that one of the Cambridge crew had caught a crab at the start, a check from which they were quick to recover, and, rowing well, take the lead from their rivals, but it was exceptionally rough, and there was a terrific tide running on the river, so that many of the old boatmen thought both crews might get swamped at any moment! Happily this did not occur.

I watched the race in every comfort and out of the cold, biting wind with Mr. and Mrs. Derek Tangye from the windows of their enchanting Thames cottage near the finishing post. Among their guests that afternoon were Mr. Michael Padew, the Bulgarian author who wrote such an interesting book on prison camps, Comte and Comtesse de Segonzac, Mr. Mark Culme Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. Nicol, and Sonia Holm, with her actor husband, Pat Holt. She is playing Lady Byron in the film *The Bad Lord Byron*. Mrs. Gilbert Tangye was there to help her son entertain his guests, also his brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Colin Tangye.

I WENT to a delightful cocktail party at the Allied Circle in Green Street given by Mr. Robin Hood, who is one of the most active and hard-working members of the Circle. Among the many interesting guests I met were the Venezuelan Ambassador and his charming and attractive wife, who told me how much she was enjoying the lovely spring sunshine, especially as their windows look out over Hyde Park, and tall, good-looking Mrs. Le May, who was chatting to Señora Miriam Blanco-Fombona, whose novel *The Lost Ant* has just been published. Lady Evelyn Jones and M. Julius Lada-Grodzicki, who has been secretary of the Circle since 1945, told me about the ball they are arranging at the Dorchester on April 29th for which Mme. de Aragao will be chairman. Marie Lady Hood, looking very nice in black, also Mr. Alan Hood and Sir Harold Hood, who was accompanied by his vivacious wife.

Sir Cecil Fforde who was Judicial Commissioner in Basutoland, came to the party with Lady Fforde, and others I met were Mrs. Montgomery Williams, looking nice in a wine-coloured dress, Mrs. McNeil Robertson, founder and honorary secretary of the Allied Circle, talking to Dr. Cuevas, of the Mexican Embassy, Doris Lady Strabolgi, and Miss June Beasley, the daughter of the High Commissioner for Australia.



Dorothy Wilding

**Last Year's Debutante, Miss Raine McCorquodale, who is engaged to Mr. Gerald Humphry Legge, only son of Cdr. the Hon. Humphry Legge, C.V.O., D.S.O., R.N. (retd.), and the Hon. Mrs. Legge. Cdr. Legge is Chief Constable of Berkshire and heir-presumptive to his brother, the Earl of Dartmouth**

SIR FRANCIS and Lady Rose gave a luncheon party in honour of the High Commissioner for Eire, Mr. John Dulanty, before he opened the Exhibition of Irish Tweeds with a parade of models made in this material and designed by the Irish designer Owen Charles, which took place at the Dorchester. Among those who came to see the products of the Emerald Isle were Mrs. Attlee, the Iraqi Ambassador with Princess Zeid El-Hussein, who was wearing one of her enchanting tulle hats trimmed with a paradise plume, Viscountess Obert de Theussies, Mme. Roché, looking very chic, Mme. Pastoriza, in a striped taffeta ribbon hat, accompanied by the Dominican Minister, Mme. Berckemeyer, Mme. Ydigoras, the Marquess and Marchioness of Donegall, Lady Elizabeth Oldfield, Kathleen Countess of Drogheda, in a large black hat, and Princess Hélène de Ligne.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, I hear, is going to attend the première of *One Night With You*, in which Nino Martini and Patricia Roc will star, at the Odeon, Marble Arch, on April 22nd. The première is in aid of Westminster Homes, a much-needed and splendidly run hostel for old people. The Duke of Sutherland is President of the première, with Viscountess Davidson and the Hon. Mrs. Charles Rhys as joint-chairmen. Tickets vary from 5 guineas to 10s. 6d.



### Mrs. John Christie's Cocktail Party for the Bath Assembly

The Mayor of Bath, Alderman Sam Day, with Councillor A. W. S. Berry. The Assembly, a festival of the arts, is to be held from April 21st to May 1st

Mr. Reginald Redman, B.B.C. West Region music director, with Lord and Lady Methuen, who are taking great interest in the Assembly

Mrs. John Christie, of the Glyndebourne Society, which is undertaking the artistic management, with Mr. Ian Hunter, M.B.E., artistic director





Lord Douglas Gordon with Lady Douglas Gordon and Mrs. Walter Burrell (on wagon), Viscount Cowdray and Col. Walter Burrell



The judges and stewards enjoying a joke in their box—a farm wagon well lined with straw. They are Sir Percy Orde, C.I.E., Major-Gen. H. T. Newman, C.B.E., Lt.-Col. F. H. Sutton, M.C., former Master, Mr. R. F. G. Barlow, Master of the Chiddingfold and Leconfield, and Mr. G. Langdale

## The Cowdray Point-to-Point

For the second year since the war the Cowdray Hunt Meeting was held in the lovely setting of Cowdray Park, Midhurst, the seat of Viscount Cowdray, and a most enjoyable day's 'chasing' was had in spite of the cold and showery weather. The

Cowdray Hunt Members race was won by Mr. H. F. Freeborn, riding Lord Cowdray's Mr. Rabbit. In common with most other point-to-points this season, an admission fee was charged to all spectators, failing the main revenue from car-parking.



Miss Waterhouse Adshead and Mrs. Maurice Adshead, with Mrs. Cooke and Miss Ann Cooke



Mr. Kenneth Bond, Miss Suzette Hunter and Miss Chrystal Fletcher well equipped for stormy weather



Mrs. Bruce Lumsden with Lady Georgiana Curzon, who is Earl Howe's eldest daughter



Col. Walter Burrell with Miss Jennifer McBean and Miss Rosalyn Stedall



Miss Mary Cobb and Mrs. H. A. Sutton discuss the racing in the paddock. The card was very well filled



Mr. H. F. Freeborn and the Hon. Mrs. Angela Murray, one of Viscount Cowdray's five sisters



## Personalities at a Recent Investiture



**Lt.-Col. W. G. H. Robins**, the King's Own, who received the D.S.O. at the hands of His Majesty, leaving Buckingham Palace with his wife and son John



**Brigadier W. W. Dove**, of Horton-cum-Studley, Oxon, with his wife and daughter, after receiving the C.B.E. He comes from Auckland, N.Z.



**Maj.-Gen. L. C. Thomas**, who was invested with the C.B.E. and a Bar to the D.S.O., leaving the Palace with his sister-in-law, Mrs. Joan Thomas



**Maj.-Gen. K. C. Davidson**, of Camberley, who was awarded the C.B., with his wife and son



**Mr. H. E. Collins**, of Doncaster, with his wife. He received the C.B.E.



**Mr. J. O. Teare** was accompanied by his wife and son, Capt. H. Teare, when he received the C.B.E. (Civil Division)



**Mr. Frank King**, of Graywell, near Basingstoke, showing his C.B.E. to his wife and daughter



**Maj.-Gen. D. G. Young**, of Edinburgh, leaving with his wife and daughter. He was awarded the C.I.E.



**G/Capt. D. W. Kingwell**, of the R.A.A.F., was awarded the D.S.O. He was accompanied by his aunt and cousin



**Brigadier E. Boylan**, seen with his wife after receiving the C.B.E., lives in Drogheda, Eire



**Col. R. L. Preston**, Secretary-General of the Royal Aero Club, with his wife and mother-in-law, Mrs. Pitcairn, after receiving the C.B.E.



## Self-Profile

## Bernard Miles

"It was at Sheffield that I also met my wife, Josephine Wilson, and this was the most important event of all in my theatrical career"

by *Bernard Miles*

As a change from accounts of what I did next, and when I played where, and who I acted with, it has occurred to me that readers of *The Tatler* might prefer to hear what have been some of the major influences on a hard-working actor's career, and so it is in that form that I propose to cast my profile.

When I was first trying to get on the stage, a mutual friend sent me along to see Lewis Casson, who was playing in a piece called *The Painted Veil* with Gladys Cooper at the Playhouse. Looking at me critically with those hawk-like eyes of his, Lewis said, "Well, you're not exactly an Adonis, are you?"—which was (and remains) only too true!

He went on to tell me how crowded the profession was, and what a hard life the actor's is, even when you've got your feet in, and was altogether (and quite rightly) most unencouraging, until I told him that I was a good amateur carpenter and had already learnt the rudiments of scene-painting. This, he said, made all the difference! He then said he would do what he could, and would I come and see him again when I heard that he and Sybil were doing something.

## Man of Parts

I TELL this story because it was in a practical capacity, helping to make properties and paint them, that I eventually got my first job. This was with Baliol Holloway in his production of *Richard III*, at the New Theatre in 1930. I was paid £4 10s. a week to play the Second Messenger and walk on in three or four other parts, understudy as required, and assist Harry Langham, the property master, in the creation of shields, swords, spears, etc., for the production. Langham taught me to make *papier mâché*, with alternate layers of blue sugar paper and newspaper, and gave me a lot of invaluable technical advice which later stood me in very good stead while working as scene-painter, stage carpenter and property master in repertory.

Although my judgment may be coloured by the hero-worship of youth and by the glamour of those early days, it is my belief that Baliol Holloway is the most exciting actor I have ever seen on the English stage, with a bold imagination, splendid technique and wonderful timing and rhythm. I don't think his Falstaff, Bottom, Malvolio, Iago, Caliban, Richard III, or Enobarbus have been surpassed in my time, and his delightful Petruchio has only been equalled by that of Trevor Howard in our present Old Vic season (a masterly and most enchanting piece of light-comedy acting).

Other Holloway creations, such as his Simon Eyre in *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, were equally fine; and for exciting performances of Shakespeare I have never seen any which quite equalled those of the 1920's, in which Holloway was partnered at Stratford-on-Avon by that

lovely actress Dorothy Greene, and at the Old Vic by the incomparable Edith Evans. Although it took me another ten or fifteen years to find it out, I might have learnt from Edith Evans in those early days what is almost the *sine qua non* of good acting—namely, to have a voice of the greatest possible range, power and flexibility. In those days I fancied you only needed sufficient imagination to shape the phrases, and the rest could be left to chance. But now I know that the art of Edith Evans lies not only in having the imagination to shape her sentences in such a masterly way, but in having the vocal apparatus and the control necessary to turn her imagination into reality.

## Sheffield Turning-Point

THE next actor from whom I learnt a great deal was Neil Porter, whom I met in 1933 when he had just been engaged by the Sheffield Repertory as producer. He asked me if I would like to join him as resident scene-painter and to act as and when required. From Neil Porter I learnt most of the pure craft of acting that I have managed to assimilate. He was a splendid teacher, and knew the whole anatomy of acting backwards—he first showed me how to use the pause as a means of raising the expectation of the audience, and other principles which are at the basis of the actor's art.

It was at Sheffield that I also met my wife, Josephine Wilson, and this was the most important event of all in my theatrical career, since she proved to know as much about acting as all the rest put together (with the exception of one name to be mentioned later), and from that time onwards guided me in every artistic step that I undertook.

## Wisdom at Birmingham

AFTER leaving Sheffield, I got a job at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, playing a tiny part in *Once in a Lifetime*, and there I met that brilliant comedian Charles Victor. He believed that acting consisted in one thing, and one thing only—timing. And he went to great lengths to explain his methods to myself and Eric Barker (who soon deserted the legitimate stage for revue and radio). He showed us that acting must be a continuity. Maybe there are separate points to be made, but they must all be bound together like a row of pearls on the same thread. He also told us

to go for the big laughs and not to waste time over the "tiddlers," as he called them. I remember him saying, "If you ride over three or four tiddlers, you'll get a much bigger laugh when it comes!" How true!

After this I began to think I knew all about it, and imagined myself the possible equal of any actor in the kingdom. It was only when I came to play in *Othello* for the Old Vic in 1943 that I learnt how little I still knew. This was directed by a brilliant Czech producer, Julius



Drawing by Youngman Carter

As the Mayor in Gogol's *The Government Inspector*, Bernard Miles carries one of the heaviest make-ups of any actor now in the West End. It entails an hour's work before the rise of the curtain and, unlike many theatrical disguises, is most convincing at close quarters

Gellner, a refugee from Hitler, who was working in the German Division of the B.B.C. From him I learned as much as I had hitherto learned from my wife. He went to work with a demonic kind of inspiration, and fired the whole company with his energy. I think most of us were astonished at his understanding of the nuances and emphases of our language, though he had only recently learned to speak it. Having himself been an actor, the ideas he gave us were always strictly theatrical—i.e., they always belonged to the theatre. He showed me what a labour it is to attempt to expound a rôle as big as Iago, and how far one's grasp must needs fall short of one's reach. He also taught me a great deal about unity of style and coherence in production, without which a great deal of the actor's work will be dissipated.

The *Othello* of this production was Frederick Valk, whose magnificent throat made me realise that I ought long ago to have worked systematically on my voice if ever I was to play the sort of rôles I wanted to. Only now did it occur to me that the wonderful speech of Edith Evans was the result of hard work every bit as much as of natural gift. So I set to work at once, and have been working ever since, with a brilliant teacher, Rupert Bruce Lockhart, who has transformed my voice out of recognition. If I had not done this work on my voice, I could not possibly have played parts as widely different vocally as Christopher Sly, de Baudricourt the Inquisitor, and the Mayor in *The Government Inspector*, all within the same week, without coming to grief.

## Diary Notes

I WILL only add that I am greatly enjoying my work with the Old Vic (still finding out how much there is to learn), that I look forward to another season in the same company, that I hope after that to write and direct another film for Filippo del Giudice, that I have three children (two girls and a boy, aged 14, 10 and 4), that after fifteen years I am still madly in love with my wife, that I am just 6 ft. tall and weigh 15 st., that I take size 7½ in hats, 10 in shoes and 9 in gloves, that I love the country, that I can sing a high F sharp from the chest, that while I was at Oxford I ran a quarter-mile in fifty-one seconds and a mile in four minutes forty seconds, and that I think the British theatre is on the threshold of a true renaissance!



Bernard Miles as Christopher Sly, the drunken tinker, in the Old Vic's production of "The Taming of the Shrew"





W/Cdr. T. A. Vigers with his wife, and Mrs. Dermott McGillicuddy (right), a daughter-in-law of Lt.-Col. The McGillicuddy of the Reeks, at the Fairhouse, Co. Meath, meeting on Easter Monday



Mr. A. L. Moore, owner of the winner of the Ward Union Hunt Cup, receiving the Challenge Trophy from Mrs. Andrew Levins Moore, wife of the Master of the Ward Union Staghounds

## THE IRISH GRAND NATIONAL



Mrs. Blaney Hamilton, wife of the owner, holding Hamstar, winner of the Irish Grand National



Sir Thomas and Lady Ainesworth, who were among the English visitors to Fairhouse



Lord Rugby, British Representative in Eire, with Lady Rugby and their daughter, Mrs. P. Aiken, who was spending a holiday with them



Mrs. M. Cartwright with the Hon. Mrs. Garland Emmet



Mr. Justice O'Byrne, a Judge of the Eire High Courts, talking to Mrs. G. Garrett, wife of the U.S. Minister to Ireland

Fennell, Dublin



Sir Basil Goulding, Bt., with Lady Goulding, a daughter of Sir Walter Monckton, K.C.



Mrs. Masters, M.F.H., with Mr. O. H. Eustace-Duckett and Miss Olive Eustace-Duckett



Mr. T. Haughton, Miss Eva McMorrough-Kavanagh, Miss Bridget Pease and Miss Martha Butler



Major Dermot McCalmont, Master of the Kilkenny, who owned Tetrarch, with his wife

Poole, Dublin



# "TATLER" PHOTOCO

## BANK HOLIDAY 'CHASING AT TOWCESTER

Big crowds turned out at this popular Northants course, which has "Cheltenham visibility," and good fields added to racegoers' pleasure



Mr. Wilfred Johnstone, chairman of Sandown Park, with Mr. F. E. Withington, who was one of the stewards



Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Wilson and Capt. J. Carless watching some of the entries



Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Reynolds in the stands enclosure between races



Lady George Scott, sister-in-law of the Duchess of Gloucester, with Mr. ...



The Hon. and Mrs. John Fermor-Hesketh. Mrs. Fermor-Hesketh's In Any Case won the Heathercote Handicap



Lord Hesketh was with Lt.-Gen. and the Hon. Mrs. Derek Lawson



The Hon. Thomas Hazlerigg, second son of Lord Hazlerigg, with his wife



Mr. and Mrs. Clare O'... were two more who were enjoying the sunshine



Mrs. Cecil Bury and Lady Cromwell, wife of Lord Cromwell, who is the fifth baron



The Marchioness of Northampton, the Hon. Mrs. Harry McGowan, wife of Lord McGowan's heir, and Mrs. John Hobson



Mr. Charles A. Quinn talking to his wife in the paddock



# GRAPHERS WERE AT— AND FLAT RACING AT KEMPTON PARK

At this meeting backers had a wonderful Easter Monday, with five favourites winning in succession, Gordon Richards on three of them



Mrs. James V. Rank, wife of the owner.  
Both had horses running



Mrs. Towers Clarke and her  
daughter check off their racecards



Mrs. John Stevens was also  
making her choice of runners



Lady Irwin, wife of the Earl  
of Halifax's son and heir



Mrs. Alford and Mrs. Boyd, who were also  
among the large gathering of spectators



The Earl of Rosebery walking  
with the Duchess of Norfolk in  
the parade ring



Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope Joel, who  
are both owners, though neither was  
represented on this day



The Marquess of Blandford, Mr. Thomas Egerton (behind),  
Mr. Tree, Mrs. Bowes-Lyon, her sister Miss Catherine  
Trafford, and Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill



Mrs. Grenfell and Miss Stoddard  
take a walk in an interval  
between races





"With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonny-no . . ."

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

[Decorations]  
by Wysard

## Standing By . . .

**T**UMBLING in the hay (with a tirra-lirra), Autolycus and his aunts would have been bunged in the sneezer forthwith, we mused, if the Min. of Agriculture's current grassland campaign had been in force in Shakespeare's England. So would those pretty country-folk romping in the rye, concerning whom the Bard would have had to revise his song somewhat.

Between the acres of the rye,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonny-no,  
The nark is calling to the spy,  
In the spring-time, etc.

It is significant that the old hayseed custom of tumbling on arable land is not once mentioned in that famous contemporary agricultural grouse called *A Discourse on the Common-Weal of this Realme of Englande* (1581), in which five extremely worried experts agree that rural England is way-to-hell-and-gone; as well they might, seeing how the recent destruction of the Monasteries had killed rich market-towns like Coventry and flooded the land with desperate beggars.

### Footnote

**T**HE odd thing is that though these thinkers are very bitter about sheep, the association of ideas carries them no further, as it might so easily have done. E.g.:

**HUSBANDMAN:** Shepe doe seeme (God forbid) to vpsett you, Sir, by this communication.

**DOCTOR:** They vpsett mee and they vpsett mee plentie.

**KNIGHT:** On my faithe, nature hath giuen shepe odde faces, bvt what (I beseeche you) of the pannes of uillage-girles?

**HUSBANDMAN:** Verilie I haue experience thereof, seeing that vij daies a weeke these pye-faces haue no other occupation than rompyng in my haie.

And there they are, off. You ask what the farmers of the period would be doing about it under typical Ministry conditions. They'd mostly be in the loonie-bynne, like their unfortunate descendants.

### Grocer

**A**MONG the items significantly missing from the agenda of a recent conclave of the Executive Council of the Federation of Grocers and Provision Dealers' Associations, we noted, was that long-delayed corporate repudiation of the avarice of grocers and their traffic with the Devil, as alleged a little time ago:

The hell-inspired Grocer  
Has a temple made of tin,  
And the ruin of good innkeepers  
Is loudly urged therein . . .

Recite this to your grocer and he will fix you with a glassy stare and cut you off for ever from his under-the-counter list, unless you are quick to appease him by loudly praising the most illustrious grocer in history; namely

Stendhal, who at the age of 22 became a grocer's assistant in Marseilles for love of a little actress at the local theatre. If this sweetheart was expecting sudden rich free gifts of soap-flakes, tapioca, and Osborne biscuits she was doubtless deceiving herself, as usual.

\* For who hath seen the Grocer  
Treat housemaids to his teas,  
Or crack a bottle of fish-sauce,  
Or stand a man a cheese?

Anyhow, she turned Stendhal down, and Stendhal joined Napoleon's forces and became one of Europe's greatest novelists. One may well imagine the girlish laughter in the dressing-room:

"Nothing doing in the cereals, dear?"

"\_\_\_\_\_!"

"Boy-friend left you any old sardines, dear?"

"\_\_\_\_\_!"

However, Stendhal was wise. He was too light-minded to be a grocer.

### Doom

**A**s Sir Osbert Sitwell has pointed out, the beauty of a golf-club outside any big town is that "it segregates, as in a concentration camp, all the idle and idiot well-to-do." Hence the forthcoming dissolution of a large South of England club seems, in a way, a tragedy.



"... had to fall  
back on a book"

How those 500 or 600 outcast thinkers will find the right type of ball henceforth we can't imagine. Large shiny rubber balls painted with elves or butterflies soon fatigue the mind, as Descartes said to the stockbroker ("and listen, boy," added Descartes, "this is strictly off the record, see?"). Very large balls of brown leather, round or oval, and red leather balls of 5½-5¾ oz. weight and 8½" circumference imply co-operative rather than individual thinking. Marbles are exciting, but carry a social stigma. Thus the restless mind aches

and frets.

As a dare-gale skylark scanted in a dull cage . . .

### Afterthought

**W**E knew a golfer who was so ill that he had to fall back on a book. The book was called *Lady Elfrida's Quest* (you may have met it—a thickish book, in faded purple covers). We found him staring dumbly at the passage where Sir Hugo strides for miles over the countryside, gnawing his moustache and wrapped in bitter thought, without a ball of any kind. The dark night (*noche escura*) of the soul had enveloped that golfer as he grappled with this enigma.

O the mind, the mind has mountains, cliffs of fall  
Frightful, sheer, no-man-fathomed. Hold them cheap  
May who ne'er hung there!

Excuse the poetry. What did you expect, a fan-dance?

### Oversight

**P**HILATELISTS (into whose recent activities M.I.5 might look) have of late been creating fresh trouble by howling to Auntie *Times* that "by a curious oversight on the part of the Postmaster-General, the Victorian and Edwardian stamps of the Seychelles were not demonetised before November 1, 1938." It was no oversight.

At a conference at St. Martin's-le-Grand six months previously a palefaced Controller of Gum pointed out to the P.M.G. that if Seychelles stamps were demonetised before All Saints' Day—note the date—thousands of philatelists' wives and concubines might be driven out with oaths to starve. This exchange ensued:

P.M.G.: All right, Widgworthy.

AN OFFICIAL: These devils must be mastered. What are their women like, Tiny?

(A number of photographs passed round.)

P.M.G.: Let us not allow matters of demonetisation-policy to be swayed by—

3RD OFFICIAL: This one isn't so bad except for her ears.

4TH OFFICIAL: You would say that, you postal stinkard.

3RD OFFICIAL: Oh, would I?

5th OFFICIAL: Yes, you would. I seen you at Bournemouth, on the pier it was, coo, well there, I'd be ashamed—

P.M.G.: Gentlemen! Gentlemen!

By a curious oversight on the part of the P.M.G. no order was given to cut out the cancer of philately forthwith, or even to abolish the shaving of philatelists' wives' heads. Dilly, dally, dilly, dally.

### Doubt

**N**ONE of the leading dailies printed the full story of that 10-foot dolphin stranded in Bridlington Bay recently, and for a good reason. The fish bore on his back a citizen in a bowler hat who gave his name, before disappearing, as Mr. Arion, a Greek subject.

News-Editors rightly fight shy of stories of this kind, as happened not long ago in the case of that dolphin stranded off Southend with a mermaid on his back. Over the telephone the *Daily Snoop's* Special Correspondent certainly sounded a trifle suspect.

"A what on his back?"

"Mermaid—M for Mug, E for Ernest, R for Rot..."

"Listen, old boy—"

"A mermaid, uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath that the rude sea grew civil at her song. Got that?"

"One moment, old boy."

The telephonist taking this down said to the Night News-Editor: "Juicy's got an exclusive about a fish down at Southend with a barmaid on his back—have we any policy about that?" and the Night News-Editor said irritably, "Oh, my God, plastered again, kill it," and that was that.

The same thing happened in 1927 when Aphrodite, Queen of Love, revisited her island of Cyprus and invited a Mr. Wagtail of the Inland Revenue to an orgy in the groves.





Mr. P. C. T. Clark driving his 1914 4,496-c.c. Mercedes, with which he won the Vintage award for cars over 3,000 c.c.



Mr. J. N. Cooper driving his Cooper 500, with which he won the class for 500 c.c. cars, with the good time of 89.57 secs.



Mr. J. Bolster in his celebrated 1929 special, "Bloody Mary." Mr. Bolster's was the fastest of the Vintage cars at Luton Hoo

## THE LUTON HOO MOTOR SPEED TRIALS



Mr. E. J. Newton coming out of the turn in his 1,947-c.c. H.R.G. He was third fastest in Class 4



Mr. G. H. Symonds, second in Class 2, going through the "esses" in his 747-c.c. Austin



Lord Strathecarron, in his 498-c.c. Marwyn, chats with Mrs. Curles. Lord Strathecarron manufactures Marwyns



Mr. F. R. Gerard (E.R.A.) with his mechanic. One of our most prominent racing drivers, Mr. Gerard made fastest time of the day



Mr. B. E. Bradnack, hugging the marker, leans well out of his car for stability on the turn



Mr. P. J. Stubberfield hits the bank with his 1926 Bugatti coming out of the hairpin bend



Mr. R. J. Marshall in his 1,087-c.c. M.G., chatting with Mrs. P. Dudley and Mr. T. L. Seccombe

SOME of the best-known British drivers entered for the Vintage Sports Car Club speed trials on Easter Monday. These trials were held on the estate of Sir Harold Wernher, K.C.V.O., at Luton Hoo Park, Luton, in aid of the National Institute for the Blind. They were not confined to "vintage" cars (i.e., cars manufactured prior to December 31st, 1930), but the entry was divided into seven classes, according to engine size, with the more elderly cars eligible for a special award.

The course was approximately  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles in length, and the first starters were the little 500-c.c. machines which are fast becoming very much a part of the English racing scene.

The pre-requisites for a course of this kind are outstanding acceleration and good braking, although the nature of the course did permit of some quite high speeds being obtained, particularly on the fairly straight hilly section which preceded a slow 360-deg. turn, which brought competitors downhill again on the return part of their run. The big crowd of 15,000 to 20,000 that had assembled were entertained by some good driving through the "esses" which preceded this hill, and those with a viewpoint at this section of the course saw Sir Francis Samuelson (499-c.c. Cooper) do an about-turn on his second run through trying to take one of the corners in the "esses" too fast: no harm done, but a promising run spoilt. F. R. Gerard (2-litre E.R.A.) made the fastest time of the day, when, during the first of the two runs to which every entrant was entitled, he covered the distance from start to finish in 74.40 secs.; an excellent time.

Alcohol fuel was used owing to the present petrol regulations.



## Sabretache

# Pictures in the Fire

"In the good old times such bluntness was frowned upon; no one ever said he would knock seven bells out of anyone else, however sinister his real intentions were"

ONE of those mysterious people whose profession is more discreetly indicated by the initials S.S. (no connection with the unsavoury organisation in Deutschland), has assured me that the only reason why Certain Persons were not in the Channel bright and early in 1946 was Hiroshima. If this is so, and, of course, it must be accepted, then, instead of deploring the production of the modern implements of war, we ought to hope that the inventors and scientists will concoct some things even more diabolical, and drive this quarrelsome world back to bows and arrows, the ballista, the scythed chariot, the javelin, the Chinese stinkpot and Greek fire—a most unpleasant thing composed of pitch, sulphur and phosphorus.

With a bit of luck people might be frightened off war altogether. It would be something, however, if we could induce a return to the cloth-yard shaft, the battle-axe, the claymore and the target. How nice it would be if we could look forward to the revival of the Parthian mounted infantry, who were such crack shots with the short bow even when their shaggy ponies were being sent a good working gallop—and the jockeys without any stirrups and possibly only an old bear-skin tied on with a bit of rope for a saddle. Mr. Fennimore Cooper's noble Redskins did the very same thing a bit later on.

If only we could hope for this sort of thing how pleasing would be the prospect! Greek fire might have to be barred. The world's greatest Horse Marine, whom William Shakespeare called "Core de Lion" (the B.B.C. stylists not having then come into existence), was all against it after that combined operation off Cyprus when the Saracens in the big carak used it against his destroyers, in those days called esneccas, which were furnished with an iron beak on their business end. Why can't we all be sensible and matey, and be content with cleaving one another to the chine, and such-like simple pleasures?

## Open Diplomacy

WHETHER the new type of Lying-in-State—this bluff, and often quite rude, approach—has added one jot or tittle to the gaiety of nations, must be left to others to decide. Was it nicer to talk of a "terminological inexactitude" than plump and plain to call the other chap a — (I do not know one word of the language); was it cleverer to make him think that you wanted a canal or a corridor "from Heah to Thar," when all the time you were out gunning for a railway "from Thar to Heah," than to say "Look you, if you don't do as I say, I'll let loose some of my V.XXII. rockets on you, or nuclear-fission you into unsafety match-sticks!"? Again I do not profess to know.

In the good old times such bluntness was frowned upon; no one ever said he would knock seven bells out of anyone else, however sinister his real intentions were. Nowadays all these niceties of fence have gone, and there are no pads on the points. In present-day politics this brusqueness seems to pass muster, however unamusing, and even dangerous, it may sound to the nerve-shattered and often hungry onlooker.

When, however, this sort of thing percolates to a lower stratum of our social world, it is often very entertaining, and hardly ever dangerous. People appear to lap it up, and even egg the performers on to lustier effort, and the gruffer

and rougher they are, the more the audience seems to like it. At least almost always—but not quite.

## The Gilliecallum of Capercaillie

WE may take the case of Everleen Bouncer-Tufthunter, the fabulously wealthy, but extremely mean, relict of George Augustus, late of the eminent legal firm of Climber, Clamber and Tufthunter, as an example. Some people said that Everleen had been bitten on the nose by a camel: others, who did not like her, said, "What rot, she was born like that!" As nothing but the truth is ever admitted into this page, I must ask that the bare recital of the facts of the following adventure be accepted without question or cavil.

She met The Laird in one of the crack Edinburgh hotels, and being on the look-out for the next man in, and he being big, bronzed and personable, Everleen thought he might do, particularly because he was styled in the Hotel Register as "The Gilliecallum of Capercaillie." All my eye, of course, for actually he was a former Partick Polisman fra Glesca, who had leapt in one day from the comparative penury of The Force to the stratosphere of Cophetua. He won a Futba' Pool—and he did thereupon buy the Donjon Keep of Capercaillie.

Of course, he needed no pressing to come south to the refayned Everleen's week-end house-party at Plantagenesta Towers in the famous hunting demesne of Nevergoshire. Having dined and wine herself into the outer perimeter of The County, to meet the rugged Hielan' chieftain, Everleen collected a most astounding company, including the M.F.H., Lord Lipstrap, and his even more exclusive consort, who was the younger of the two intense daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Pommel and Cantle. There was also that dilettante in the Fine Arts, Sir Percy Plimsole,

who found it so difficult to talk to anyone not directly descended from John o'Gaunt.

If Everleen had only known, it was quite the wrong "draw." However, she was quite blinded by the "of Capercaillie," and thought that it was just The Gilliecallum's weight. All went fairly well for about three-quarters of the distance, bar that "The Laird" had said to the daughter of the Duke: "Noo ef ye'll cam tae Caper I'll gie ye a real feed!" but when the coffee and customary fluids period arrived, things slipped. It has been stated that Everleen was mean enough to steal a blind kitten's milk, and so when the highbrow butler said to the Laird, "Liqueur, Sir?" and the stuff looked like water, it drew a full-throated roar of "Phwat's that?—water?" "No, Sir," said the staggered "Sir Kay," "Kümmel!"—and then came "Kommel! Is that a' ye got? Ef a'd kent that, A'd never let the whuskey gan!"

The daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Pommel was horrified, and Sir Percy Plimsole nearly fainted. Plain speech had hit Everleen for six clean out of the County Ground.

## A Lindsay Gordon Memory

A VALUED Melbourne correspondent, Mr. J. G. Paton, who is the happy possessor of the descriptive talent, sends me the following charming picture of Adam Lindsay Gordon's cottage, which was transferred from its original site in Ballarat, and re-erected in the beautiful Botanical Gardens:

We had a day or so at Ballarat a few weeks ago and spent an afternoon in their Botanical Gardens on the shores of Lake Wendouree. The gardens on the west, the city of Ballarat across the Lake and pretty houses on the north and south shores. It is about a mile from shore to shore, a most delightful spot. They have put the cottage in which Adam Lindsay Gordon lived at Ballarat in the garden and on the lawn nearby there is a bronze head of the poet mounted on a square granite column about 4 ft. high. On it are cut his words:

"Question not but live and labour  
Till your goal be won,  
Helping every feeble neighbour  
Seeking help from none."

We thought of the indomitable spirit of Britain in her trials and troubles, and of how greatly you would have been interested in that little old cottage. It was a glorious sunny day, so we took cushions and a rug from my old car and spent a couple of hours reading and dozing in the shade of a magnificent grove of cedars and Californian redwoods. Next thing the children were playing in the gardens on their way home from school and we had to go too. An afternoon that one carries in the heart. Everyone here is very elated at the news that Their Majesties and Princess Margaret will visit Australia next year. We will give them a tremendous welcome.

The poem which my friend quotes, of course I know, but a little fragment called "Potter's Clay" is one that has always moved me most nearly, because it is so true. The introductory text which Gordon selected for it, is "*Nec propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.*" Perhaps we do not think of this quite often enough, for very few of us have any pretensions to be "virgin gold." The melancholy, which infected so many of Lindsay Gordon's poems, is found most pronounced in *The Sick Stock Rider*, which has been said by many people to have precluded the poet's tragic death: "I care not now to tarry for the corn or for the oil, or for the wine that maketh glad the heart of man."



## BRIGGS—by Graham



"MISTER Briggs to you, IF you please"



EMMWOOD'S

## WESTMINSTER WARBLERS (NO. 15)

Believed by the superstitious to presage drought, the appearance of this bird is frequently greeted with hisses and half-bricks



## The Palinodious Petrel—or Lesser Bath Dipper

(Nobarfs—Noottuarta)

**ADULT MALE:** General colour above pink, inclined to be speckled; crested with fronds of curly feathers; beak pink, turns blue after moving a heavy burden, or load; body feathers striped and extremely impervious to water; legs spindly, affording the bird a most unstable appearance.

**HABITS:** The Palinodious Petrel is a rather unpopular member of the Westminster Warbler genus. This latter is due, no doubt, to the bird being a harbinger of long, sustained cold spells and its mean little habit of denying, to the lesser orders, the few basic necessities of life.

Unlike, or so it is believed, the other members of the sub-order, the Lesser Bath Dipper is

singularly nervous of getting its shanks wet; indeed, the bird has been known to boast, quite inordinately vociferously, of its allergy to water. This latter habit is rather understandable, in a way, as the bird appears to be quite ignorant of the latent possibilities existing nowadays that, carefully handled, allow one to take the chill out of water.

The bird has a strangely mocking call, a kind of "Its fuelishbutitsfun"—oft-times repeated.

**HABITATS:** The bird may be both seen and heard in and around Westminster; it has been attempted to reproduce its song over the broadcasting systems, but, owing to bad reception, this was not very successful. The bird spends a great deal of time occupying old country mansions.

## Scoreboard

NOT many, I fancy, of those who have been shown into their seats towards the north end of the West Stand at Twickenham will have known that their kindly conductor was the Reverend Canon F. H. Gillingham, rector of St. Michael's, Chester Square, in his time one of the hardest drivers in the County cricket championship.



"Parson" Gillingham was contemporary with J. W. H. T. Douglas, Percy Perrin, Charlie McGahey, and F. L. Fane. Whatever his engagements, he nearly always contrived to play against Surrey at the Oval. His performances there are noteworthy. In the nine seasons between 1914 and 1926 he scored 125, 95, 86, 46, 65, 92, and 20 not out. The 92 was made in his fiftieth year. In 1919, besides scoring 125, he made five catches. In 1922, he and Jack (A. C.) Russell put up 122 and 140 for the first wicket. At Kennington "the Parson" was second in popularity only to Jack Hobbs.

WHEN the Halford Hewitt golf tournament is played at Deal this week, it is hoped that the donor and great original will be amongst those present. He is fighting a strong rearguard action with "cursed old age" who "comes with silent foot." A Charterhouse boy himself, he had to wait six years till his old school won the final round in this most agreeable of all golf meetings. From 1924 to 1929 Eton and Harrow won in the ratio of four to two. Eton owed much to their last pair, Hughes and Peplow, who again and again won their all-important match, and were likened by the most illustrious of all golf-writers to Dumkins and Podder, the champion cricketers of All-Muggleton.

IF Eton had their Dumkins and Podder, then I Charterhouse could boast their Luffey and Struggles, better known perhaps as J. S. F. Morrison and H. C. Longhurst. At last this nearly invincible partnership, known to intimates as Pull and Push, is dissolved; for John Morrison, who has played for Charterhouse since 1924, has decided to promote himself to a spectatorial and advisory capacity, and will doubtless be seen contemplating the short fourth hole, successor to "Sandy Parlour," with the pardonable pride of the inventor.

The busiest man at the tournament will, once more, be Deal's golf secretary, Bernard Drew, himself a Carthusian, a man of equal astuteness and courtesy, who once, on a stormy day, did not hesitate to lend a private pair of light-blue trunk-pants to a soaked competitor.

One day, at a very fervid hour of the tournament, a stranger called to see him. The secretary, inventing leisure, received him, and found that he was the representative of a business interest come to say that, after all, his employers would not be taking over a segment of the links. The visitor, though no golfer, was advised to walk out on the links and watch the play. Some time later he returned, looking a little puzzled.

"I hope you enjoyed yourself," said the secretary; for the day was fine and the larks sang.

"Yes, indeed," replied the man of business; "but I met one very strange man. I'd never seen him before, but he came up to me and shouted: 'I'd have you know, sir, that my partner is a b——y fool!' I give you three guesses.

NOTICE. The W.A.A.F. Golfing Society holds its Spring Meeting and trials at Beaconsfield G.C. on Thursday, April 29th. It is hoped that Miss Molly Wallis (English Champion) and Miss Jean Donald (Scottish Champion) will be among the entrants. Intending competitors should send their names at once to Flight Officer K. H. Whitehead, R.A.F. Regional Welfare Office, H.Q. Southern Command, Wilton, Salisbury. (Telephone Salisbury 2241, Extension 157). Happy striking to all.

RC. Robertson-Jones



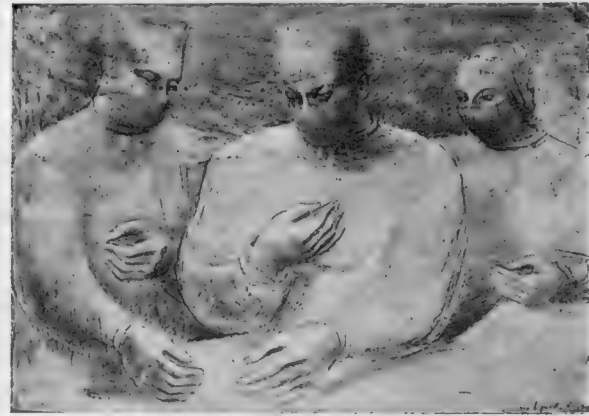
Elizabeth Bowen's

# Book Reviews

"Joan of Arc and the Recovery of France"

"A Crowd is Not Company"

"Prince Leopold and Anna"



The delicate beauty of Miss Barbara Hepworth's new paintings, now on view at the Lefevre Gallery, is well illustrated by this oil and pencil example, "The Scalpel"

THE "Teach Yourself History" Series is being edited by A. L. Rowse: allied with such a name it makes a propitious start. Evidently—and what an excellent thing!—the gulf between the specialist and the public is narrowing. What can be popular is no longer in disrepute. In this case, one of our most eminent living historians sponsors an effort to bring history into the range of the "ordinary" person, interested in life.

If to be interested in life is to be ordinary, the more "ordinary" people, surely, we have, the better. Any collapse of belief in human nature—with its contrarities, its richnesses, its saving absurdities and its lasting heroisms—brings us, it seems to me, one stage nearer to becoming the prey of the cold-blooded theorist and the doctrinaire. Let us, then, see history in terms of nature, of people, of the blood which still courses in our own veins, of the impulses which alternately beset and inspire us.

The key idea of the "Teach Yourself History" Series is "the intention by way of a biography of a great man or woman to open up a significant historical theme." In fact, the honest admission is that one can only take in what interests and touches one. The relation of a significant person to his or her own time, and, no less, to times which followed, is as arresting, as a subject, as any love-story. That there are persons of whom it can be said that the course of history would have been different had he or she not been born is undeniable. Genius does, from time to time, intervene, grasp events and give them a magnificent twist in some new direction.

This incidence of genius must, thus, it seems to me, always be the bugbear of the theorist. Just when everything seems to be going to plan, following out some fatal course of determinism, another of these infernal personalities turns up! How convenient, even, if genius could be brought to confine itself to the comparatively innocuous sphere of the arts. This, however, has not so far been able to be arranged. In politics, in warfare, in social history, in the stories of nations, genius continues (from the point of view of theory) to throw a spanner into the works.

ALICE BUCHAN'S *Joan of Arc and the Recovery of France* gives Mr. Rowse's new series a most inspiring start. (The "Teach Yourself History" books are, by the way, published for the English Universities Press by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, at 5s. each.) "The Maid" could not, I think, in our day have found a better chronicler than John Buchan's daughter—already well known in her own right as historical novelist and biographer. This study of Joan of Arc strips off the tinsel of Victorian-sentimental myth, and yet stands out against the sneers and doubts of iconoclasm. Miss Buchan shows us a sturdy Joan, dark-haired, broad-shouldered, long-legged and cool-headed, hardy and—when occasion called—impertinent. A Joan of Arc of what was to be a devastating as well as inspiring simplicity. Only such a girl could have reached out and touched, through intrigue and defeatism, her country's core of faith. And that power of hers could but be seen, by those who had much to dread from it, as unholy.

Into Joan, Miss Buchan suggests, some virtue inherent in the soil of France welled up. She was a peasant, coming of a stock long bound down into negligibility and dumbness by the feudal overlords—a peasant-farmer's daughter, hardened and at the same time mystically purified by the very roughnesses of her life. She was born at a time when everything was run from the top—a top in which what had been good in the medieval tradition had exhausted itself and the inspiration of the Renaissance had not yet set in: power-politics rotted aristocratic life, and the Church itself, as was to appear in Joan's trial, was not incorruptible.

TO the brutalities of war was added the further corruptive of cynicism—hired armies, thousands going to slaughter without a thought of their own. When Joan was born, the Crusading idea was dead—not the least of her work, as Miss Buchan shows, was her re-lighting, among her comrades-at-arms, of the spirit of ideality and adventure. She had the first attribute of the leader—sublimity: from her, it spread like wildfire among the simple people. She was, I suppose one might say, a sort of revolutionary on behalf of the soul. Her Voices had sent her to fight for her King and Country. The idea that war, for all its terribleness—and how terrible were its aspects to her: she detested death, she shed tears over dying enemy soldiers!—could be a holy war, was new.

Here is Miss Buchan's picture of Joan riding out to raise the siege of Orleans:

As the army moved out of Blois on the 27th of April 1429, Joan must have felt the spring breeze loosen the stiff silk folds of her standard,

## RECORD OF THE WEEK

I HAVE never cared overmuch for Frank Sinatra. I admit he has a tremendous following and his wide appeal must have many justifications; but until I heard his latest record I had never looked on him as a genuine artist.

He sings first *It All Came True* in quick tempo, accompanied in style by an orchestra conducted by Axel Stordahl. It is all very agreeable and palatable, but a much better reason for his place in the sun is to be found in his entirely excellent rendering of *Mean to Me*. This number is nearly twenty years old, for, written by that excellent team Turk and Ahlert, it was a hit in 1930. The accompaniment is subtle and neat, the recording is good and Frank Sinatra completely won me over by the sincerity of his singing.

If any of you have felt as I have about Sinatra, I suggest you pocket your prejudices and listen to *Mean to Me*. I guarantee you will want to play it again, at once. (Columbia DB. 2381.)

Robert Tredinnick.

and the blazon "Jhesus Maria" spread out above her head, as she rode happily among her companions-in-arms. In front went a body of monks bearing a banner showing Christ crucified. These sang as they went the sweet, mournful *Veni creator spiritus*. In that great company rode the men whose fortunes she was to share; the Marshals of France, Boussac de St. Sévère and Gilles de Rais; the notable Gascon, Etienne de Vignolles, known as La Hire; and her own faithful few, de Pulengy, d'Aulon, John of Metz.

Behind marched the soldiery, shriven that morning, sober and circumspect, very unlike the usual appearance presented by a medieval army, of men dawdling out of step and tagging along a ragged following of prostitutes and loafers. This remarkable procession was wound up by a bleating, lowing herd of sheep and cows and wagon-loads of food for the besieged city.

The tragedy was, as so often happens, inherent in the very nature of the exaltation, the defeat—as it was at its time to seem—in the very nature of the victory. It was not that she could not stay the course: the course could not stay her. Like all great characters, Joan of Arc was an impossible proposition—worse, she was inconvenient. For her, there was that psychological moment which the clever do not ignore—the moment to lay off and go quietly home: she could have gone home quietly and with honours. However, she was not clever. She stayed where she was, to drink the dregs of the anticlimax, to face betrayal, to endure her trial and, with the flames of her burning, to light an inextinguishable light for France and the world.

"A CROWD IS NOT COMPANY" (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 9s. 6d.) is a prisoner-of-war novel by Robert Klee. As a piece of imaginative writing it is in a class of its own—we have had accounts of such years, all of which have struck an unmistakable note of human truth, but this book seems to give us experience with some years of afterthought added to it. Experience placed, in fact, in perspective.

The form is autobiographical—but for the large part played by dialogue I should have taken *A Crowd is Not Company* to be autobiography. Obviously, the honest autobiographer does not record any incident, any spoken word, for which his memory cannot vouch with exactitude: it must therefore be taken that Mr. Klee has preferred the veil of fiction. In spite of that, no passage has an "invented" ring.

As narrative, the account of the being shot down, the capture, the interrogation, the arrival in the camp, the variations of life in that and in other camps, the escape attempt and the extraordinary march at the end is very taut, clear-cut and sharp—at the same time, everything has the background of a temperament. The reactions to what happens are never orthodox; they are uniquely the writer's own—so much so, sometimes, as to be disconcerting. I imagine that no one of Mr. Klee's generation who has been a prisoner of war will ever forget that state, but that some will attempt to "bury" it—there may be a tendency to isolate what has been from the rest of life. Mr. Klee, on the other hand, would suggest that one cannot afford

to tear out any chapter from what is, after all, the complicated and intermixed narrative of one's being—one must read on, always, and what has been, ever, still determines what will be.

He drags up no horrors, physical or psychological—in fact, a rather rare temperateness and evenness are achieved: hours, days, seasons, years are made to pass with a regular, unaccented drip-drop, drip-drop—what concerns the writer is their cumulative effect. Something—an outlook on life?—is in formation.

It is hard to discuss *A Crowd is Not Company* without making it sound more depressing than it is—in fact, it is the reverse of depressing: stimulating. Why this should be, how can a reviewer say? Possibly, because we have such fearless studies of fear: by the time the end is reached nothing seems to be left lurking round the corner. The end—the forced march in charge of the German guards in retreat before the victorious Allies—is, though dire and uncompromising, magnificent.

\* \* \*

“PRINCE LEOPOLD AND ANNA” (Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.) is a bold plea, coming from a novelist of the younger generation, for the virtues inherent in private life. It is exceedingly heartening to find that Laurian Jones has not allowed himself to be stampeded or intimidated out of this. I doubt whether it would be possible to stampede or intimidate a writer of, already, so much strength and such firm conviction as to emotional values. This is the first novel in which the author shows chiefly in an undulled sensitiveness to words—there are no stylistic experiments: familiar nouns, verbs and adjectives, as used by Miss Jones, have a new-untinted brightness. Every page of hers is, thus, a pleasure to read: there is no nonsense and a good deal of beauty.

Anna is English, her husband Prince Leopold, German; they fall in love and marry just before the war; she spends the war years on his country estate. Leopold, serving with the German Army, is captured by the Russians and sent to Siberia; Anna, without further news of him, lives with their child in the sorrowfully empty castle, in what for her is enemy territory, alone—sometimes, she is able to help escaping British prisoners of war. Finally, Leopold comes back: once more they take up their life together, and, which is not easy, pick up again the delicate living threads of their love. The real core of *Prince Leopold and Anna*—

which has, as a novel, several other themes of obvious interest—is the relationship, unique in its quality, between these two people.

It is a relationship in which happiness triumphs ultimately.

And although [Miss Jones ends] . . . it was thought more worthy to be weighed down by a morbid conscience towards an incomprehensibly sinful world, those who speak the truth say that happiness is as much one of the world's elements as hydrogen or uranium, and that it can either be ignored and laid contemptuously aside, in which case the world is the poorer, or it can be treasured in the heart and made to thrive, in which case the total sum of world happiness increases; for happiness is like a snowball rolling down a mountain until it becomes an avalanche.

Since the French Revolution, Western Europe has been aware of mass unhappiness and has tried to cure it by institutions, laws and constitutions, unaware that happiness is an individual, elusive thing—a power which can be bred from one person to another, and not something which can be imposed on whole classes of the people. No such short cut is possible.

Laurian Jones is a daughter of Enid Bagnold: it was she who illustrated her mother's *National Velvet*. As a love-story, *Prince Leopold and Anna* bears a happy affinity to, though in no way derives from, Enid Bagnold's *The Happy Foreigner*, written during World War I.

Swiftly as the world changes to-day its pace is not yet quick enough to outstrip the editors of *Whitaker's Almanack*, of which the 1948 edition is now available at 7s. 6d. in paper, 12s. 6d. in cloth and 25s. in half-leather. No more generally useful work has ever been published or is, indeed, conceivable. Finance, trade, agriculture and industry are, with a dozen other major activities of the realm, lengthily reviewed and tabulated, and there is a helpful summary of the incidence of income tax, surtax and death duties. The Services, the Churches and the Law are all comprehensively dealt with and in the Dominion and Foreign sections the latest information is made available with that keen eye to accuracy which is evident in all of the nearly 1100 pages, and which is a remarkable achievement in a work of such encyclopædic breadth. In fact, the only criticism that can be offered of the new *Whitaker* is that its purchase will mean discarding an old and trusted friend in the shape of the previous issue.

## Æsop's Fables

### COLONEL FITZ-FOULARD

Colonel Fitz-foulard has taken his life—  
You would have done if you'd married that wife—

Yes, married a fortnight, a fortnight, not more.  
Then why did he marry her? What the deuce for?  
He had to—because at the Town Hall they said  
Unless he came under “Group B”—Newly-Wed—

He couldn't get Furniture Dockets at all  
And the firm who were going to sell him a small,  
A very small, carpet would not let it go  
Unless he bought furniture there, too; and so  
He had to—because if he hadn't this mat,  
He couldn't say prayers on it and, without that,  
The Mahomedans wouldn't convert him and then

The Petroleum Office would turn him down when  
He asked Supplementary Coupons to get  
To his Mosque—and the nearest he'd hit upon  
yet  
Was seventy miles from his home.

That explains  
Why on Monday we bury the Colonel's remains.

Immoral.

Allah is Great!

Justin Richardson

## Winifred Lewis on Fashions

MIRACULOUS sunshine seeping into London shop windows confirms the fact that the old shopping seasons are past. In late March window displays are devoted to flowery cottons, and while chill winds keep us huddled in our fur coats there is a mild stampede to buy—yes, swimsuits.

It is no longer money but coupons which burn holes in the pocket. Supplies of good things are short and the early birds do the best shopping.

The design of cotton prints has made spectacular strides in this country. English beaches may soon compare with any sunlit Californian strand, blooming with flowerlike cotton dresses and swimsuits which need only the background of sunshine to add the final note of gaiety.

A notable feature of a well-known maker's collection of beach and sportswear is the combination of the practical and the colourful for swimsuits; most of them in water-repellent fabric have all the features of the most attractive sunsuits with, at the same time, clever designing for active swimming. Most of the models have adjustable straps which can be worn off the shoulders to achieve the perfect even tan.

Sports shirts in this Collection are made with extra length to prevent gapping between slacks and shirt, and shorts in worsted, Irish linen and rayon have deep, carefully-designed pleats to permit the maximum freedom of movement for active sports.

At the recent showing of Horrockses Summer Collection, cotton print proved itself the current success for day and evening wear. Distinguished styling and flowerlike colours are the outstanding characteristic of these delightful cottons, which retail at around £5. For the very young, cotton evening dresses with a low draw-string neckline are adorable and, of course, washable. The perfect garment to pack for holidays and well below the cost of dresses in the traditional silk or rayon.

Cotton housecoats from the same maker which were so successful last summer were prominent in the Collection in a new and exciting range of colours and designs. Generous use of material gives voluminous skirts and, in some cases, wide sleeves which, combined with distinguished colouring, makes a garment as glamorous as any, and at a lower cost than most. Deliveries to the stores of these dresses, housecoats and beach suits is beginning now, to continue throughout the summer.

Attractive sandals made by Joyce in cotton to match some of the models were shown. Supplies of these cannot yet be guaranteed, but the new Joyce summer range includes colourful designs in Ruffglove leather, which is soft and flexible, in melon, lime and ice-blue; perfect to wear with summer cotton and linens.



Mr. Kenneth Lindsay, chairman of the National Book League, responsible for the Exhibition, Dr. B. Ifer Evans, Principal of Queen Mary College, and Mr. Belcher



Mr. Reynolds Stone, Miss Anna K. Zinkeisen, the artist, and Mr. John Crowther, the publisher, examine one of the hundred books on view



Mr. James Champion and Mr. John Lewis, of a printing firm, discuss the exhibits at 7, Albemarle Street with Mr. Charles Ede, of the Folio Society

### Experts at the British Book Design Exhibition

Swaeb



# THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



*Gatford — Anderson*

*Major Henry John Hedley Gatford, Royal Engineers, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Gatford, of Burnham, Somerset, married Miss Sheila Josephine Anderson, twin daughter of the late Mr. L. J. C. Anderson, and of Mrs. Anderson, of Greencroft Gardens, N.W.6, at St. James's, Spanish Place*



*Firth — Petersen*

*Lt. Thomas M. B. Firth, Royal Navy, elder son of Col. and Mrs. Mark Firth, of Knockbrev, Kirkcudbright, Scotland, married Miss Anne Petersen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. D. Petersen, of Copenhagen, at Sheffield Cathedral*



*Bygott-Webb — Hammersley*

*Capt. John William Bygott-Webb, Royal Artillery, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. F. Webb, of The Little House, Angmering, Sussex, married Miss Priscilla Jane Hammersley, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Hammersley, of Saxon Court, Hadlow Down, Sussex, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge*



*Bridge — Rushbrooke*

*Major Walter John Blencowe Bridge, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Bridge, of Thedwastre, Thurston, Bury St. Edmunds, married Miss Susan Mary Rushbrooke, only daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Rushbrooke, of Nowton College, Bury St. Edmunds*



*Guedroitz — Ryan*

*Prince Alexis Guedroitz, son of the late Prince Nicolas Guedroitz, of the Imperial Guard, St. Petersburg, and of Mme. George Iowleff, of Brussels, married Miss Una Ryan, daughter of the late Senator Seamus Ryan, and of Mrs. Ryan, of Burton Hall, Stillorgan, Co. Dublin, at St. Mary's Church, Sandysford, Co. Dublin*



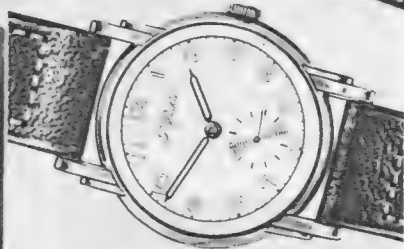
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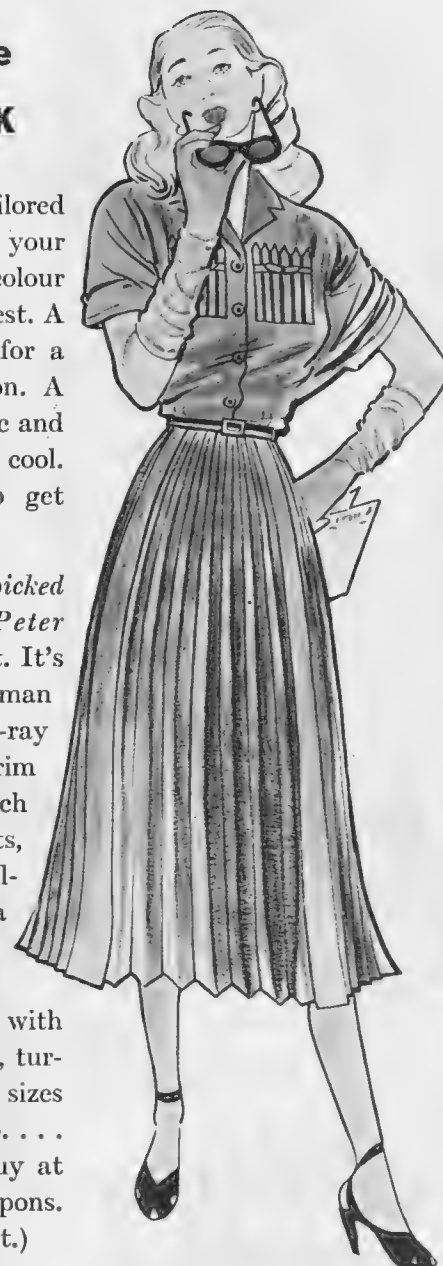
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## FASHION FLASH

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Look at this one here, picked out from many at Peter Robinson's. You'll love it. It's 1948, from the wide dolman cap sleeve to the sun-ray pleated skirt. There's a trim tailored collar, and a touch of contrast on the pockets, the belt, and the material-covered buttons. In a heavy moss crêpe in heavenly colours: Royal with hyacinth, hyacinth with royal, white with scarlet, turquoise with brown. In sizes 36, 37½, 39, 40½ inch hip. . . . And it's a wonderful buy at only £8.2.6 and 7 coupons. (Model Gown department.)



Do come in and see the clever clothes in the new Peter Robinson's All-on-One-Floor Fashion Shop. This floor has been arranged enticingly (and logically!) into departments that make your shopping twice the fun. Coats, suits, frocks (all with a special eye for the Young Timers as well as the women who feel that dignified clothes must play an important part in their lives); also hats, handbags, stockings, gloves—all in Peter Robinson's Fashion Shop.



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Navana

**Miss Joy Falcon Thompson**, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Thompson, of Lane End, Elstead, near Godalming, Surrey, who is to marry in June of this year Dr. Michael John Hargrave, elder son of G/Capt. and Mrs. W. B. Hargrave, of Beatty House, Dolphin Square, S.W.1



Pearl Freeman

**Miss Margaret Beatrice (Peggie) Merison**, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Merison, of Shefford Woodlands, Newbury, who is marrying this month Dr. Ian Corbet Fletcher, M.A., M.B., B.Chir., of Newbury, elder son of Mr. N. Corbet Fletcher, of Hampstead, and the late Mrs. Fletcher



Harlip

**Miss Graeme Elizabeth Dalrymple-Hamilton**, daughter of Admiral Sir Frederick and Lady Dalrymple-Hamilton, of Cladyhouse, Stranraer, who is to marry in June Mr. Alexander Grant Laing, M.C., of Dunphail, Morayshire, second son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Laing



Hay Wrightson

**Miss Patricia Mary Dunsmuir**, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert J. Dunsmuir, of Martnaham, by Ayr, who is to be married in June to Major Bryce Muir Knox, M.C., the Ayrshire Yeomanry, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Knox, of Smithstone, Kilmanning

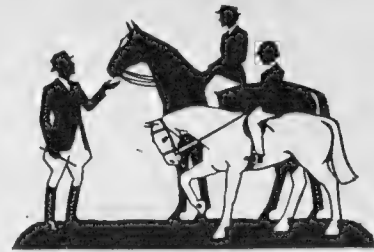


**Miss Joy Innes Packer**, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Packer, of Alexandria, Egypt, who is to marry the Hon. Stephen Gordon Catto, only son of Lord and Lady Catto, of Holmdale, Holmsbury St. Mary, Surrey



Fayer

**Miss Rosemary Collings-Wells**, only daughter of Col. and Mrs. Collings-Wells, of Greenfields, Virginia Water, Surrey, who is to marry Mr. Michael Beharrell, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Beharrell, of Velsheda, Wentworth, Surrey



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# Oliver Sturges on FLYING

AEROPLANES are even more sensitive than dogs to being given bad names. Fortunately, however, the opinions of pilots still carry weight and can save a good aeroplane from a bad reputation imposed upon it by the hasty, the unthinking and the malevolent. It did one good to read the opinion on the Tudor aircraft, forcefully expressed in *Flight* the other day by that distinguished aircraft commander, Captain Alabaster.

Captain Alabaster said that he and his colleagues of British South American Airways liked the Tudor very much, and that they had been waiting for someone to ask them their opinion on it. So there seems to be the truth at last about the Tudors. For no one can speak with greater authority on the subject than those who have been operating them. They know from first-hand, day-to-day experience what others can only obtain second-hand or by calling upon their own imaginations.

The Tudor aircraft were never intended to be more than interim machines to fill the period, which had been long foreseen, during which British aircraft makers were switching from war production to peace production. They were never intended to be in a position to compete on level terms with modern transport machines. Had the British Overseas Airways Corporation borne this in mind and appreciated that speed in getting into service was more important than fiddling improvements; had the Corporation refrained from judging the machine as if it had been built to compete with a Constellation or D.C.6, all might have been well.

## Men Who Know

IN future when people ask me for the truth about the Tudor I shall quote Captain Alabaster. And it seems to me that those who have been maligning the machine ought now to make public retraction and apologies.

What on earth does that bloated bolting-hutch of bureaucrats, the Ministry of Civil Aviation, know about this aircraft which it can set against the views of the captains who operate it?

And remember this: no pilot, however highly skilled, can by making a few flights in an aeroplane, know it like those who operate the machine regularly. Against the statement of the pilots of B.S.A.A., there can be no convincing opposition.

So let those who have done this aeroplane so much injustice make a public recantation. We all know that the Tudor, like the Constellation, the D.C.6 and every other aircraft in the world, has its faults. The perfect aircraft has never been built and never will be built. We all know that the Tudor, like the Constellation and the D.C.6 may be involved in accidents. But we also know now that it is a thoroughly sound, well-designed and well-built aeroplane capable of doing efficiently what it was designed to do.

## The Vampire Soars

THAT Vampires should be in the van of progress is to be expected, for the de Havilland company has always been extremely enterprising. But I wish it had been possible to make more of the altitude record. It had been announced that Mr. John Cunningham would make the attempt, but nothing more was said until he had completed it.

Royal Aero Club observers were, of course, present; but I do not think that there were any Pressmen. The consequence was that no individual "stories" of the flight went out. It is true that there is not much to see in an altitude record. But there was a good deal to see in the aircraft with its extended wing tips and Ghost turbojet.

If lighter-than-air flight played a big part in air transport the altitude record would be in a different position, for the world record is still held by a balloon.

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In other words Mr. Cunningham did not set a world record, but an international class record. But as balloons are no longer looked on as practical means of air travel, the Vampire record has almost the same importance as a world record.

Those who wish to keep track of aeronautical progress should keep their eyes on the world altitude record, for it may mark a step even greater than the world speed record. Somebody will soon go for the world altitude record with a rocket driven aeroplane. Meanwhile, Cunningham must be congratulated on an exceptionally fine effort.

## Paradox

TO the profane there was something slightly ironic in the situation that occurred the other day when a distinguished American presided over a meeting which discussed ways and means for easing the restrictions on international air travel. For the fact was that at this time a French scientific worker, no less distinguished than the American chairman, was being detained in Ellis Island by the United States authorities even though she (it was Madame Joliot-Curie) carried all the necessary documents and had the authority of the U.S. Embassy for her visit.

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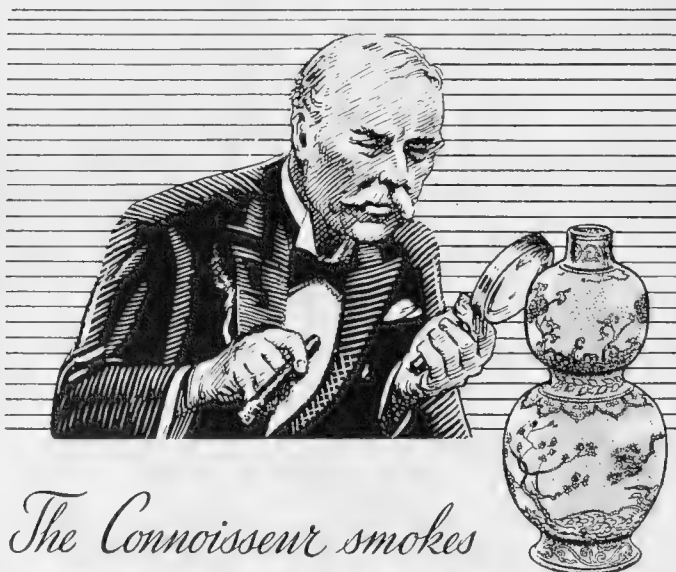
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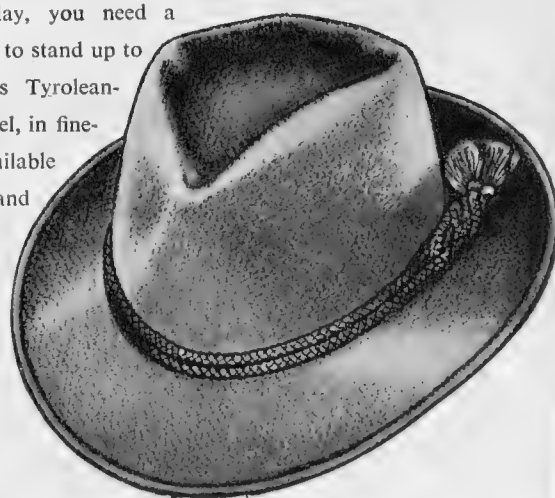
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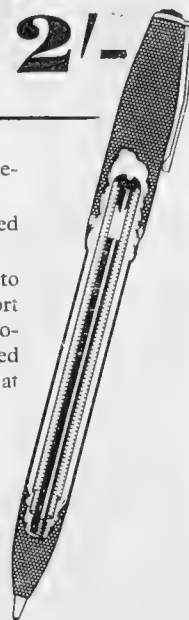
Here is the first—refill units are reduced from 5/8d. to 2/- including purchase tax.

This substantial reduction is largely due to the growing and continued public support which has resulted in a large increase in production, the benefits of which we are pleased to have been able to pass on to Biro users at the earliest possible moment.

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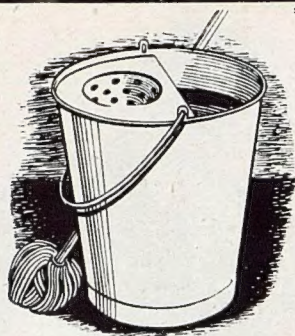
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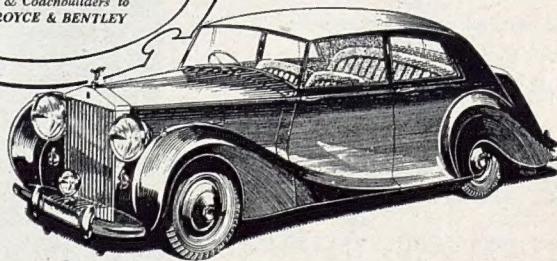
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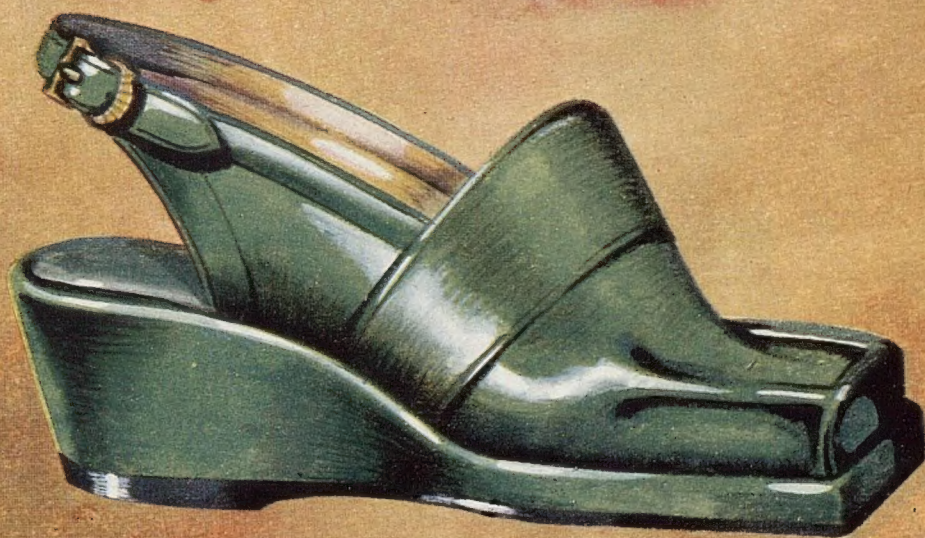
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